



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF
BIBLICAL TRUTH,
 AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN
THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

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NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ATTENTION!

THE attention of all who peruse this strange story is particularly requested. They are asked to take good heed of little incidents and allusions, of slight touches and delicate hints, not less than of the more striking events and impressive features of the narrative. The writer prefers this petition less for his own advantage than for the sake of his readers. The tale is so far removed from the commonplace, its positions are so startling, its action is necessarily so dramatic, and the game played by its characters is at the same time so delicate and so daring, that no amount of artistic shortcoming on the part of the narrator will make it otherwise than interesting to those who find pleasure in stories of lively action and singular complications.

But the teller of this tale wishes to effect in the minds of readers more than the degree of satisfaction necessary for the maintenance of his reputation as a writer of prose fiction. He wishes for the approval of those whom he seeks to entertain; but above and beyond this wish for mere approval, he has a desire to confer on those whom he addresses the greatest possible amount of pleasure, and on leaving them he would fain feel assured that they have not, through inadvertence, missed the significance of aught which he has placed before them.

The main facts which constitute the chief plot of this story were brought to the writer's notice many months since; and when he first entertained the purpose of weaving them into a work of imagination, he sought and obtained leave to use them, according to his judgment, from Sir Edward and Lady Starling, of Gamlinghay Court, County Hants, and Miss Ida Newbolt, without whose unreserved permission he would never have presumed to render public occurrences which form a painful episode in the history of an honourable family; although had that permission been declined, he would not less have felt that those occurrences might be made the means of agreeable diversion and salutary instruction to a large number of persons.

The permission of the gentleman and two ladies, just mentioned, having been accorded, the writer proceeded to collect the materials for his history with every attention to those minute points on which the accuracy of biographic labour depends. From Sir Edward and Lady Starling, and Miss Ida Newbolt, he received the details of incidents and transactions which could never have been brought fully to light if their lips had been sealed with regard to their past suffering and shame, and the crime of a bad man who repaid their friendship with treachery, and requited their love with grievous wrong. Other persons also were communicative to the full extent of their knowledge. Having received and carefully digested all the evidence which he could procure from living witnesses, the writer visited several

spots in which certain scenes of this domestic drama occurred, and he spared no pains to familiarise himself with the localities and events which, in the course of his narrative, he will either allude to or particularly describe.

The result of these preparations is, that there exists in the mind of the narrator, whilst he makes this preliminary address, a complete, uniform, and harmonious drama, of which the actors are few, the incidents various, the complications numerous, the moral single and manifest. To put this drama vividly before readers will now be his aim; and he will endeavour to achieve his purpose in the fewest possible words; without episodes having no direct relation to the main current of the story; without digressions penned merely for the sake of displaying book-knowledge, or literary ingenuity; without a chapter which artistic judges may deem might have been shortened with advantage to themselves and the public. It is his intention to recount his tale concisely and directly; giving to the printers no passage which does not appear to him necessary for the one object in view, and striking out from his manuscript every line which, after it has been written, does not give force to the passage in which it appears. In short, he will waste neither his own words, nor his readers' time. Such being his purpose, he may be excused for thus obtruding himself on the notice of the world, and after the fashion of lecturers, saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen, attention! to trifling incidents and allusions, not less than to great events and prominent features."

CHAPTER II.

NOT LONG SINCE.

THE date with which this story commences is not far away in the past. Indeed, it is so near the present time, that some of the principal characters of the drama are still in the prime of life. To say that the influence of every personage who figures in the story still in some degree endures amongst the powers that govern human action, would be to say but little—a little, moreover, that might as well be left unsaid; for no one needs to be assured that, as the good done by men lives after them, so also evil deeds bear fruit when their doers are in the grave.

The date in question is but a trifle more than half a generation in the rear of the present.

The year was a grand one to have lived in, an instructive one to those who reflect upon it. A year great in folly and the crimes to which folly gives birth; memorable for the suffering it witnessed; memorable, also, for sublime virtues exhibited, and noble acts performed within its cycle. The nations of Europe had not yet entered on the revolutionary movements of 1848. When the rush for new things was made in that same '48, careless men said that the storm had been preceded by a suspicious lull pervading the political life of the time to which attention is now especially directed; yet whilst this season of imputed lull was being shifted to the immutable past by the mighty hand of the Everlasting, there was much being done on the surface of the earth—enough to make devout men more fervent than heretofore in prayer—enough to perplex the simple and



startle the frivolous—enough to trouble the brave and fill their hearts with anxiety for the future.

It was a year when men who liked to talk about politics had an abundant supply of topics for their eloquence in events foreign and domestic. The French had their brilliant affairs in Algeria; Portugal was carrying on a grim contest with insurrection in her northern provinces; Spain was in a ferment about matrimonial projects that by no means met with universal satisfaction; in Poland there was a sharp contest between Liberty and General Collin; and California joined hands with the United States, whilst that happy family made war upon the Mexicans. England, too, had her peculiar causes of disquiet and fear, her particular sources also of mirth and gratulation. In Ireland, poor people died of hunger, whilst rich men were removed by assassination; in India, Sir Harry Smith won the battle of Aliwal, and Sir Hugh Gough the battle of Sobraon. In London, Lady Blessington received, at Gore House, a distinguished visitor from the fortress of Ham; and King Hudson still entertained his worshippers at Albert Gate, although the railway panic, following close on the railway mania, had wrung a wail of agony from the land, and hurled down thousands of families from affluence to want. In populous towns and rural villages the discontent of indigent workmen inspired Chartist leaders with courage, and struck terror into the timid; and amidst the confusion consequent on commercial distress and potato famine, with the angry menaces and denunciations, the misconceptions and misconstructions, which always attend the conflicts of great parties, at heart thoroughly honest and desperately earnest, the grand battle between Free Trade and Protection terminated suddenly in the abolition of the corn laws.

By these events and other occurrences scarcely less momentous was marked the year 1846, the year in which this tale begins.

CHAPTER III.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

BUT whatever trouble and anguish filled English homes, whatever fears and perplexities distressed English hearts, whatever strife and passions maddened English life in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, all went brightly and cheerily with the London season of that year—at least, as far as outward appearances were concerned. At times discordant murmurs might break upon the music of festivity; ever and again ugly stories of fraud, and violence, and starvation found place in the columns of fashionable newspapers; in brilliant drawing-rooms sudden tremor and paleness might occasionally seize faces in which care had not as yet had time to bite deep lines; and when bidden guests assembled at *dîne*, or dinner, or rout, there would be seats unexpectedly empty: but, for the most part, the great world was gay and light of heart, and hot in the pursuit of pleasure—as the great world deemed it should be. Amusements were plentiful, and the town had other materials for sensation. The season had its heroes and lions. Count D'Orsay was figuring as professional artist as well as man of fashion; the chief purchasers at the sale of the Saltmarsh collection were mentioned by name; Prince

Louis Napoleon was not without admirers and followers. Moreover, Ibrahim Pasha was staying at Mivart's, waiting till the Queen should be sufficiently recovered from her *accouchement* to receive him; and the rage for General Tom Thumb was but rising to its height.

Among these and many more sources of diversion enjoyed by the subjects of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, at the time under consideration, was the exhibition of pictures in the galleries of the Royal Academy, Trafalgar Square; and never were those galleries more densely crowded with good pictures and well-dressed gazers than on Tuesday, June 9, 1846, at ten minutes past four o'clock p.m.

So many people had deferred visiting the pictures until the first rush to see them should have subsided, that now, when they had paid their shillings and bought their catalogues, they reaped but little good from past forbearance. Prudence profits comparatively little where prudence is the universal rule, although it makes noble gains amongst a crowd of spendthrifts and reckless speculators. All the world seemed to be flocking to the much-abused temple of high art, and all the world's carriages seemed to be in the square, ranged in single, double, and triple lines. The sky was without a cloud, and the sun bore fiercely down—on the tinkling fountains, round which noisy urchins played these violent games, which are never thoroughly enjoyed by noisy urchins except in the hottest of weather; on the scorched thoroughfares, along which water-carts heavily lumbered, viciously splashing the boots of wayfarers, and vainly endeavouring to keep fine dust on terms of closest intimacy with granite blocks; on the steps of St. Martin's Church, where beggars lay asleep, basking in the rays which warmed alike rich and poor, just and unjust; on the Duke of Northumberland's lion, who, looking down askant from the right-paw corner of his right-paw eye, surveyed the rout beneath, and wondered how long it would be before he had some leonine acquaintances stationed at the base of the Nelson monument; on omnibuses laden with passengers from the City, and omnibuses setting down visitors to the Academy; on cab-ranks populous with pipe-smoking, chaffering drivers; and on footmen, splendid with gaudy cloth and metal lace, who sucked the ends of their long official canes, or read newspapers, or turned over the pages of fashionable novels, or, with rare somnolent faculty, slept away the weary minutes, until they should be summoned to assist in "taking their parties up," and conveying them to other places of resort.

It was a grand day for the academicians. The fact was beyond doubt. The waiters, looking out from the coffee-room windows of Morley's Hotel, said it was a crush, and no mistake. The cautious secretary of the College of Physicians drew his eyes from the window nearest to his official desk, and expressed to the sub-librarian of that learned institution a guarded opinion that, unless he was greatly deceived by appearances, there must be a great many people in town. Mr. Quidnunc, sitting in the bow-window of the Union Club House—as he always has sat, does sit, will sit—said that in all his life he had seen nothing equal to it; that the world must be going stark mad. The attendants at

Farrance's, beginning to breathe a little less after the fashion of worried dogs, now that luncheon-time for the latest of luncheon-eaters had gone by, averred that never in all their long experience of "the business" had they taken more money in three hours than in three hours last past, for iced drinks and hot coffee, lobster patties and plates of soup.

While all this was going on in and around Trafalgar Square, to one who regarded the scene from the steps leading up to the Academy, looking on either side as well as before him, and above as well as beneath him, the sight was beautiful and exhilarating—beautiful in its contrast of sunlight and shade, its assemblage of colours and forms, the sparkling of the water-jets, and the silvery haze over Parliament Street—exhilarating by the incessant motion of pressing throngs and rolling carriages; whilst over the brilliant pageantry, and bustling troops, and stirring roar, and merry babbling of the town, was visible the cloudless sky—blue, summerly, and peaceful.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OCTAGON ROOM.

THEY stood in the Octagon Room, straight in front of pictures Nos. 637 and 640, which pictures were hung in the direct line of sight, if it can be allowed that there was any line of sight in that dim murky octagonal dungeon which is still termed, was then termed, and, ever since it was first used in a spirit of pleasant irony for the exhibition of works of art, has been termed by painters and public, "the condemned cell." In the year 1846, that unpleasant, lugubrious closet (doubtless planned by a cynical *passé* academician for the express purpose of crushing the hopes and blighting the prospects of youthful aspirants to place amongst "the favoured forty") was not so far given over by the authorities to etchings, line engravings, and official uses, as it has been in more recent exhibitions. Hanging committees still made strenuous efforts to persuade themselves and the public that it was possible to fix painted canvas to its walls in such a manner that it could be critically examined by persons standing in the apartment. Desperate attempts were still made to sustain public respect for the eight-cornered cell; and in order to maintain its reputation with the profession and outside public, a rule was still observed that one work by an R.A. should be discoverable in the cheerless prison; the painters of the academy deciding by lots which of them should sacrifice a minor work for bolstering up the credit of an avoided corner. In 1846, there were ninety-five pictures in the den, of which ninety-five No. 637 and No. 640, and Haverly's "Portrait of Gerald Griffin, Esq., author of 'The Collegians,'" were the only works that attracted the notice of those who in unguarded moments wandered into the deserted hole. Indeed, of the other ninety-three pictures it was impossible to get any view at all, however much an earnest searcher after their beauties might try to get them into focus, by screwing his eyes upwards, or looking through openings between his fingers, or peeping through opera glasses, or creeping on all fours like a dog. The paintings nearest the floor were too low to be seen, the paintings nearest the roof were too high to be seen, and the light

so fell on the pictures between the lowest and highest that they closely resembled ancient and badly battered coach-panels. At the time in question, if it was intended that a picture should be seen at all, the hanging committee had to suspend it at one of three points. And in 1846, fortune assigned these three not quite murderous positions to Haverly's portrait of Griffin, and to Nos. 637, 640.

No. 637 was a bold, unusual picture; full of pathos and not devoid of good painting. Even the evil genius of the Octagon Room could not quite annihilate its effectiveness. A rude rustic church in an incornate churchyard; a clump of dark yews crusted at points with the snow of winter; a line of straight, repulsive poplars, bare of leaves; snow lying deep upon the ground; in the back ground, a cold, bleak stretch of flat marsh land, sheeted with whiteness and flecked with stunted willows; at a corner of the churchyard to the left of the foreground—in the unappropriated ground, upon the north side of the church, away from the soil assigned to the ashes of prosperous farmers, and higglers of known ancestry—a man in coarse grey dress, a lean, cadaverous, horny-handed labourer, standing alone, without a friend to keep him company, without even a dog at his heels; at his feet a small coffin, of rough deal boards, doubtless containing the corpse of a child; by the side of the coffin, an open grave newly dug—the upturned clay contrasting with the whiteness of the surrounding snow; an air of dull dejection on the man's thin worn face, which was turned away from the coffin at his feet to the bleak, desolate marsh-land. This was the picture, a picture that told a sad story with strange force. The man had been ill of fever, and was convalescent; his child had caught the sickness, and died. In the catalogue the picture was called "Waiting."

No. 640 was a different subject. A graceful girl of sixteen or seventeen summers, wearing a riding habit of light colour, and a plumed cap; holding in her left hand a dainty riding whip; with her right hand waving a farewell to some person not presented on the canvas; at her feet, on the foreground, a rose-bud dropped by that same right hand an instant before she turned away. A simple picture enough; a young lady on a gravel path, between two slips of grassplot and two borders of garden shrubs. The work was either unfinished or roughly thrown together in many points. Little care had been expended upon any part of it except the one figure; and of that figure the face and head alone had been favoured with the artist's most industrious attention and delicate skill. But the face was very beautiful, arch, tender, winsome, innocent; and under the border of the green cap, rich folds of warm auburn-brown hair covered the upper part of the white forehead, and were gathered into a knot behind. The face, with its perfect symmetry; eyes earnest and mirthful; small pink lips; pure healthy complexion; and gentle composure of expression, was a poet's vision of highly endowed girlhood. The name of 640 was "For Ever."

They stood in the Octagon Room, in front of these two pictures.

In appearance they were widely different personages.

The one was a huge, massive man, six feet two inches high, stout in proportion to his height, but in no re-

spect unwieldy. A muscular, well-shaped man, he might have passed for any age between fifty-five and seventy; as an old-looking man for fifty-five years, a very young-looking man for seventy. Slightly bald at the top of his head, he wore his few iron-grey locks cut short; and not a hair was visible on his large, closely-shaven countenance, except where his black, harsh, shaggy eye-brows overshadowed a pair of keen, piercing eyes. Dressed in pepper-and-salt nether garments, double-breasted frock coat and ample waistcoat, he wore ordinary attire for an elderly gentleman; but instead of using the high stock or twice-folded neck-tie, still in vogue with men of his day, he allowed his throat the comparative freedom of a light, single tie of gossamer silk, above which appeared a high wall of starched shirt-collar. No one could watch him without being impressed by the power—of which his frame, style, countenance were eloquent.

The other was a very young man, little more than twenty-two years of age. He was a youngster, a lad, a boy; and though he had for more than twelve months enjoyed the dignity of man's estate, he would not have been offended at being called a boy. He was not below the average height of Englishmen, being slightly above five feet eight inches from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot when he stood erect in his slippers; but placed there in the Octagon Room, within two feet of a giant, he seemed to be of diminutive stature. The contrast had the effect of twofold misrepresentation, making the giant look grander than he really was, and the youth, of average height, appear a very small, and even insignificant fellow, as far as bodily endowment was concerned. In 1863 young men wear smooth coats and rough faces; in 1846 they kept their lips and chins smooth, but usually clad themselves in rough, shaggy coats. Obeying the fashion of the day, the young man had no sign of moustache or beard; and his dress was of the uncombed, monkey cloth materials usually worn by students eighteen years since. It should, however, be observed that he was in deep mourning; his garb being composed of black cloth and white linen, and a band of dark crape surrounding the cap which rested on his head without concealing the masses of strong, curling hair, which covered his temples and fell over the collar of his coat.

The giant stood before No. 640.

The young man kept his station before 637.

When the giant thought the young man was not looking towards him, the giant turned his eye over his left shoulder and glanced down at the young man. When the young man thought the giant was not looking towards him, the young man turned his eye over his right shoulder and peered up at the giant. Whenever their eyes met (and they met at least a dozen times before their owners entered into conversation), they forthwith turned sharply away to their respective pictures; the eyes of the giant to No. 640, the eyes of the young man to 637. Evidently they were interested in each other, examining and scrutinising each other, taking, as they best could, stock of each other, making up their minds to have a few words with each other.

They had already been ten minutes in the Octagon Room, having the apartment pretty much to them-

selves; and there was reason for thinking they might remain there any number of minutes more, having the place pretty much to themselves. Occasionally stragglers from the crush in the principal rooms put their heads into the eight-cornered den; but they instantly retired, wondering what the very tall man and the very small man found to interest them in the dark closet.

"There are a great many visitors here to-day," at length observed the giant, in a clear, decided voice.

"A great many," answered the young man, bowing slightly, with a pleasant air of deference to the superior age of the stranger who addressed him; "but they don't care to enter this room."

"They show their good taste in keeping out of it. Even a good picture isn't worth looking at in this dungeon," responded the giant, authoritatively.

"True; the place sadly injures the pictures."

"It does not hurt the pictures. You mean it injures the artists; that's a widely different matter. Young painters of much promise would succeed too fast to please the old ones of so achievement, if there were no cell like this to hang their works in. But, no matter; youth is wealth; young men can afford to wait."

"Not always; a year sometimes is very long time for waiting, to young men who are struggling."

"Young men shouldn't be impatient. Years are shorter and more trifling periods when a man looks back on many of them, than when he has only a few of them in the retrospect."

"As I am a young man," answered the youngster, with a smile in his face and light in his blue eyes, "I cannot put my experience against yours."

"Be thankful you cannot: the experience of age comes soon enough, too soon," answered the giant, hardly, and curtly, but not testily.

A pause.

"I suppose this may be called an average exhibition," resumed the giant.

"An average exhibition!—why the Academy never had one like it; the English public never saw such a collection of works of art!" answered the young man with warmth that caused the giant a smile. "We have no great living painter who has not sent something. When you have Macise's 'Ordeal by Touch,' Roberts's 'Tombs of the Caliphs,' Edwin Landseer's 'War' and 'Peace,' E. M. Ward's 'Disgrace of Lord Clarendon,' Mulready's 'Choosing the Wedding Gown,' and four pictures by Turner,—what would you have? Every one is represented this year. Collins, Pickersgill, Eastlake, Leslie, Webster, Creswick, Egg, Ansdell, Frith. The young men, not less than those whose reputations are made, have done well. Even the portraits are of unusual excellence or interest—Pickersgill's 'Duke of Wellington,' Count D'Orsay's portrait of 'The Duke,' Leslie's 'Charles Dickens,' Grant's picture of the 'Queen.'"

"Thank you, I have the catalogue in my hand," returned the giant. "Of course the collection is not without a few good things. But what puzzles me is how in this exhibition, as in all others, there is so much rubbish put before the world. It is always supposed that artists apply to their art, not like mere business men, who turn their hands to whatever they can reasonably hope to make most money by, but because they

recognise in themselves a particular fitness for the vocation. Now, if that be the case, how comes it that to one fairly competent painter, there are at least a dozen conspicuous failures? How comes this, I say? For heaven knows, the work they undertake is simple enough, and easy enough, for men of certain definite powers."

"Is it all so simple and easy?" replied the very young man, quietly and without any display of surprise or disapprobation, unless a sudden brightening of his steady blue eyes might be construed as expressive of those feelings.

Let it be remarked that his manner and speech, though marked by composure and even slowness, were singularly declaratory of earnestness. His words, even when he spoke with greatest warmth, came from his lips deliberately; not sluggishly, or heavily, but with visible care not to overstate or understate his sentiments. The giant, who was observant and shrewd, as well as somewhat insolent and overbearing, soon saw that he was speaking with one who, though he might never be a brilliant talker, would always be found a guileless, open, and strictly conscientious man. He saw, too, that the young man, who imparted so much steady force to words spoken to a stranger in a public place, would in dealing with life do thoroughly to the best of his ability whatever he undertook to perform, and leave unattempted whatever he doubted his ability to accomplish well.

"Is it so easy?" retorted the giant, with the contemptuous manner frequently found amongst the disagreeable features of very successful men who pride themselves on being very practical men; turning sharp upon his hearer, and raising his right hand oratorically. "How can you ask the question? The natural conditions requisite for the formation of an artist are present in at least five men out of every ten. An artist requires the organs of colour and form; he must have an eye for the beautiful, and sympathy with those who care for the beautiful; he must have a steady hand, and a fair amount of common sense. Well, the common sense excepted, these qualities are found united in each unit of crowds of young men. The common sense, the practical element, is a difficulty—I grant it. It is the difficulty which accounts for the failures. Still such men are plentiful as peas in a pea-stack."

"But, sir," inquired the young man, bowing respectfully, "how about the difficulties which such a man encounters, when he tries with pencil, brush, chisel, to satisfy the public and himself?"

"He shouldn't bother his mind about himself—that is, his own fancies," responded the self-satisfied giant; "and the public he should regard practically, not with nervous dread, but shrewd practical observation. He should study its likes and dislikes, be guided by its humours, by sympathy discover its wants, and then satisfy these wants. He should be in a position to say, 'I know to a certainty that the public likes such and such objects of natural scenery, so I'll paint them for it. The public has a taste for such and such classes of historical events, so I'll depict them on canvas for it. The public cares for the biographies of such and such sorts of men, so I'll illustrate them for it.' This is the

practical temper in which an artist should select his subjects. In point of fact, my dear young friend, he should hit off the prevailing taste."

The giant grew quite paternal in his tone.

"And never oppose it?" inquired the young man.

"Never!" answered the giant, positively.

"But if the prevailing taste is bad?"

"That's no affair of the artist's: it's the public's fault, not his."

The giant was dogmatic; but not so testy as dogmatic giants usually are.

"But shouldn't he try to correct a prevailing bad taste; to raise the public from what is low to what is high?"

"Bless me! my young friend; if you like mutton above all other meats, would you think highly of the butcher who, when you ordered a leg of a southdown for your dinner, insisted on sending to your table a sirloin of beef, because he preferred it, and therefore thought it better for you? Would you thank him? Would you employ him? Would you give up eating mutton?"

"You encourage your cook to invent a new dish: why shouldn't you praise an artist who paints a new kind of picture?"

"I have a fountain of gratitude," returned the giant, with a laugh, "for the servant who gives me a well-boiled potato."

"If the artist is in one sense the servant, he is also the teacher of the public. He has two characters."

"Rather say there are two distinct publics: exhibition hunters, who merely look at pictures, and patrons who buy them."

"You belong to the latter division, sir, I presume," observed the young artist (for the young man was a painter), colouring slightly, and bowing again—not in homage to the capitalist, whom he now regarded as a picture-buyer, but in courtesy to the stranger—about whom he was manifesting curiosity which might be deemed intrusive.

"Yes; I buy pictures."

"Then, after all, you love art?" exclaimed the young man, with an exquisite frankness of astonishment.

The giant laughed loudly and pleasantly.

"An Englishman, my young friend," he returned, when his amazement had subsided, "should love his family and country; if he is of a very sentimental turn, he may love his Sovereign and his Church; but he should only *respect* art, recognising in her a power and a refining source of intellectual gratification, also seeing in her a means of utilising capital, and using her as such. I am in the habit of buying pictures as an investment—purely as an investment."

The young artist was surprised, interested, slightly embarrassed; not altogether pleased.

"Now, here is a picture," resumed the giant, smiling and pointing to No. 640, "which I think of buying as an investment—purely as an investment. It is unfinished, and, as a whole, it is careless. But the face and attitude are good. The artist has never exhibited before. His name, as the catalogue shows, is Mr. Edward Smith. He painted that other picture there, No. 637 for which I wouldn't give a rush."

The young artist blushed deeply, and his right arm trembled.

"He is a clever enough fellow to know which is the better picture. When I was in the price-office just now, I found he had put a price, £30, on No. 640, and none whatever on the other. He knew the public might like to buy 'The Girl,' but would have no care for 'The Snow Piece.'"

"Perhaps," answered the young man, with agitation in his voice and countenance, "he wished to retain No. 640 in his possession, and did not think any one would care to pay £30 for it."

"Not very likely."

"It is possible."

"Anyhow, he won't refuse to have his own terms accepted."

"Of course not. He has passed his word," answered the young artist, seriously.

"But he can break it. It isn't under seal; it isn't in a bond."

The young artist's eyes flashed; but he was silent.

"I wonder why he named No. 637 'Waiting?' Why didn't he call it, 'Waiting for the Parson?' I suppose that's what he meant?" was the giant's next remark.

"The wretched man," answered the young artist, again in possession of his customary composure, "is waiting for more: he is waiting for spring to dissolve the cold snow of winter; for the brisk east winds to drive away the clouds above; for health to return to his emaciated frame; for summer to warm his frozen blood; for heaven to cheer him in his desolate home. The artist couldn't say so much, so he thought it best to say—very little. Speech is worth more than silver; sometimes silence is golden."

"How do you know all this?" asked the giant, abruptly.

The artist paused, and then cautiously answered, "I see the picture with my own eyes."

"So do I with mine," was the quiet rejoinder.

The artist paused for a few seconds, and then replied, with a subdued bitterness and irony—bitterness and irony quite unusual with him—"Exactly; that is just it."

"I wonder why he called No. 640 'For Ever?' When I have bought the picture, and paid for it, I shall ask him for his reasons," continued the giant, quite unruffled, apparently not having heeded his companion's last words.

"Perhaps he won't do so. It isn't stipulated even in the price-book that he should; it isn't in the bond," replied the young man, fiercely, casting the giant's words in his teeth, and preparing to turn on his heel.

"Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!" cried the giant, in a changed tone of voice. "Don't go away. Let me apologise. I have played with you, impertinently. Let me apologise. Let me be the purchaser of both your pictures. I like the peasant by his child's grave even more than the other."

"Then you know me?" answered Edward Smith, warmly, but in a less angry tone.

"You were here yesterday?"

"Yes."

"So was I, with Buckmaster—John Buckmaster, of Newman Street. He showed me the pictures, and told me I ought to buy them. He pointed you out to me, and said I might introduce myself to you as his friend. He is a very old chum of mine."

"Then, sir," returned Edward Smith, with a smile coming to his face, "you have almost a right to take liberties with me, though I don't know you. I am greatly indebted to Mr. Buckmaster."

"Then come with me down-stairs to the price-room, and I'll draw you a cheque."

As he spoke, the strong, tall, elderly man led the surprised youngster down-stairs, and in less than a minute was standing at the clerk's table in the price-room, with his cheque-book before him.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY.

NO. 1.—A PICTURE DRAWN FROM LIFE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD SPOONER, M.A., VICAR OF HERSTON.

At the foot of a hill, just at the edge of an old limestone quarry, stood a little cottage, inhabited by an old man and his wife. They were both very poor and very infirm, but very bright and cheerful.

The old man had a chronic disease of the heart; the old woman was bedridden and bowed double with rheumatism. Their house was in my first parish, and I was but little accustomed to sorrow when I first rapped at the door.

"Come in," cried a cheery voice; and a still more cheery voice, when my dress showed that I was a clergyman, added, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord."

I entered. The look of poverty was around me, the look of disease and suffering was in each face, but the cheeriness of each voice amazed me. I sat down; I offered to read, I began to explain; but I soon found that, instead of being the teacher, I was the taught; mine was theory, theirs was practice; they had reduced what I had learnt to practice, and were living out what were only lessons to me. I heard from them all their tale of woe, all their sufferings, but also all their joys; the dirge was there, but the chant of praise sounded above it; the one was the under note, the other the upper and higher strain.

After talking awhile with the husband by the fireside, I drew near to the wife's bed. For five years she had been bedridden, yet for all that time she had never lain down in bed. She was so drawn together by rheumatic pains, that it was impossible for her to stretch herself out straight. I began to speak to her. In my condolence I said, "You are very badly off, Mary?"

No sooner had I uttered the words than she drew herself up as much as she could, and looking at me with a look I can never forget, said,

"Me badly off, sir! The Lord bless you!—no, sir. I have such half-hours without pain, when I can lie and think of all God is preparing for me; and when I am in thirst from pain, you can't think, sir, how sweet a cup of cold water is."

Beautiful commentary on Trench's touching lines—

"Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night."

"In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a weary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love hath in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made."

There was no pretence here; there was a deep reality—a reality which I saw lived out for more than a year. One day, however, I knocked at the door; a sadder and more mournful voice bade me come in. I entered; the woman seemed alone. One glance told me something had happened.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

She simply pointed to the deep chimney-corner; there in the recess stood an old settle, on which the husband made up his bed at night, but removed it by day. The bed, contrary to custom, was still there, and something was on it. I walked towards it, and saw that the old man was lying on it. His head was covered over with the sheet.

"Is he ill, Mary?"

"Look for yourself, sir."

I drew back the sheet, and saw not illness, but death. My old friend lay there, calm and beautiful, every trace of pain gone; the whiteness of death toned down by the deep shadows of the corner, and yet somewhat lightened up by the rays of the fire. On the face there was an expression of peace—perfect peace: the venerableness of old age and the beauty of youth combined. I could not but shrink back, but yet I could not but continue to gaze.

"Ah, sir, there's a sight!—thirty-nine years together, sir, and never a quarrel. Bless the Lord, sir. He's safe, and I sha'n't be long behind him."

"When did this happen, Mary?"

"This morning, sir. He got up quite well; he read to me, and we prayed together. He rose to poke the fire, and just stepped forward, and fell. I couldn't stir to help him, but I screamed and screamed. Some men passing up the lane to the kilns heard me; they ran in and got him up, but he were gone. They laid him out, as they will soon lay me out; but, thanks be to God, he's safe and free at last."

I could not but glance from one face to the other; "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing" was here; "peace that passeth understanding" was there. She did not long survive him; but one day before she went, as I was talking to her, she said—

"Have you ever seen our Mary, sir?"

"Your Mary! no; who do you mean?"

"My granddaughter, sir—Bill's child; her's dying of sumption."

"Where does she live?"

"Just up the hill, sir; but is that in your parish?"

"No, but I visit there for Mr. Rivers; he lives so far off; his parish is so very large."

"Oh, do go and see her, sir; she's a blessed child."

I promised to go, and went accordingly. I found the "blessed child" to be an extremely pretty girl of about seventeen years of age. To look at her at first you could scarcely think her ill. Her large, soft eyes, her beautiful complexion, her long, soft, dark hair, the exquisite pink on her cheeks, did not look like death; but there was also that bright transparency about the face, that deep flush under the pink hue, that brilliancy in the eye, that straining of the breath, which speaks at once to every practised eye of the already-signed warrant of death. I need not tell all that passed between myself and this younger Mary; I found her to be indeed "a blessed child," "full of faith and hope that is in Christ Jesus our Lord." She also taught me a lesson, how the young can learn to die. After I had been visiting her some time, I found her very anxious to receive the Holy Communion; and thinking her fully prepared to do so, as I was still in deacon's orders, and my vicar was ill, I asked the rector of a neighbouring parish to come and administer it to her. He also was struck with her beautiful tone of mind and her great state of preparation for death; but his greater acquaintance with such scenes enabled him to perceive that her death was much nearer at hand than I had expected.

"Where is the girl's mother?" he said.

"Oh, sir, she's up-stairs. She was only put to bed this morning with another baby."

"Poor thing!—she needs help. May I go and see her?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was the answer.

He left the room. No sooner was he gone than Mary turned upon me with an anxious look: "May I ask a favour, sir?"

"Yes, Mary; what do you want?"

"Mother's got a baby, sir; it will be just fit to go to church when I am carried there; will you, please sir, baptise it by my coffin's side in church when you are burying me?"

"Why, Mary! why do you wish such a thing?"

"Because, sir, I'm going to the Lord Jesus, and I want her to be given to Jesus at the same time. Oh, do please promise, sir!"

I naturally at once promised to grant her request. She seemed quite delighted, and bade me good-bye with double thankfulness.

In three weeks' time she died; at the end of the fourth week her body was brought to be buried. We had some interesting funeral customs in that part of the country. One was that every maiden was carried to church by six maidens dressed in white, without bonnets, but with white veil scarfs, which covered their heads, and hung down by the sides, in the manner of a nun's hood. The coffin had on it a white pall, and was carried under-hand by white napkins. All was white.

Another was that each mourner and bearer carried in their hands a sprig of laurel, and when the words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust" were uttered, stepped forward and cast them into the grave. This of course was emblematical of the resurrection; for the more the laurel is cut the more it grows. I met the procession at the gate of the churchyard. The contrasts were strong—the six girls and the coffin all in white, the father, mother, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, all in deep black; and yet amidst the black there was

one more white spot—one of the aunts bore the baby, in its little white dress, in her arms. We entered the church. I went to the reading-desk, and read the Psalm and Epistle, and then went down to the font. The coffin was placed close to the font; I stood by its side (the mourners, in black and white, standing around me), my book resting on it as I took the baby in my arms, and there, by the side of that still body, I dedicated the living child to Christ, who is both "the resurrection and the life," and who is the only true Guardian both of "quick and dead."

Mary was scarcely buried before I heard that her aunt Sally was ill. I called upon her. Here was a new scene. The cottage in which she lived was old, like both the others, built under the hill, but it was, what they were not, intensely dirty and slovenly. The husband was a lime-burner, the wife "a kiln-setter," or one of the women who handed to the kiln-man the baskets of coal or stone with which he charged the kiln. Both husband and wife were rougher than the roughest, and their religion, such as it was, partook of their own rough nature. Both, however, had been sinning against conscience to a great degree, and I found the woman terribly alarmed about her soul. I tried at once to point out to her the path of peace through the blood of a crucified Saviour, but long and dreary was the time before one ray of hope or peace reached that rugged bosom. She was dying of that most awful complaint, an internal cancer. Her miserable little bed-room against the hill-side was damp and close; neither window opened, and the smell which greeted me on entering was beyond description. None of her family seemed to notice it; I warned and warned in vain. Every visit paid robbed me of my appetite for the rest of the day. But they "didn't see it." However, the miasma did its work with terrible certainty, for within the year after her death, her husband, her daughter, and her son—all pined away with various forms of these mysterious stomach attacks which utterly puzzle doctors, and for which they cannot give a true name.

At last, after many months' illness, her end was drawing nigh. At her own earnest request I had administered the Lord's Supper, which she had received with deep humility, and yet with a rough, strong, characteristic faith in her Saviour. Her mind seemed in perfect peace, when one evening I was suddenly called out and told that, "if I wanted to see the last of Sally W—, I must make haste there." I went down, and found her dying; dying, but strong and rough to the last. Her poor husband, summoned hastily from his work, in his rough hair-cap, short brown smock, ragged fustian trousers and gaiters, was sitting holding her up in bed; and by the bed stood her great slatternly girl, of about eighteen, very pretty, but very rough, and her boy, about fourteen.

"There, lad, thee howd me up. I'se going quick, my blessed lad. I'se been a bad 'un, but never a bad 'un to thee, lad. I'se loved thee well; but I'se been a bad one, and so has you, lad. But, bless the Lord, I'se had a turn. I'se going to Him. The angels came to me laster night, and told me. He's a blessed Saviour, and he's made me clean. Howd me up, lad, howd me up; I'll not keep thee long. Be a good lad; mind your Sunday, mind

your prayers. Don't ye go drinking and romping and swearing any more; seek the Lord, lad, and get the childer to seek him: pray with them, lad. Mind how father and mother and our Mary prayed, and we ought have prayed too, more nor we have." Then turning to me—"Bless yer, sir, bless yer, the Lord reward yer. Mind you see to my lad, sir; he'll take on sadly when I'm gone; but see to him, sir, and the childer; I want 'em all in glory. Now, sir, I'se going; pray, pray!"

I knelt down and prayed, and had scarcely finished the commendatory prayer and pronounced the blessing, when the poor woman, who had followed every word, raised herself up a little, and crying out, "Howd me up, howd me up tight; I'se going! The water's deep, but, blessed be the Lord, he's here. Good-bye, lad; good-bye. Praise the Lord. Don't ye fret, lad; don't ye fret, childer; the Lord's with me. I'se going!" and, with one deep sigh, she went; her muscles relaxed, her jaw dropped; and the rough lime-burner, who was crying like a child, and upon whose dirty face the tears had made deep furrows, held in his arms—his dead wife.

QUESTIONS ADDRESSED TO A SCEPTIC.

WHAT can be your motive for treating with contempt the religion of your country? You must acknowledge that a nation cannot be without some kind of religion, and what system would you substitute for Christianity? Will you find the creed of Turkey better calculated for personal liberty and moral purity? Will the maxims of the Koran give more dignity to the mind, and more light to the understanding? Do you regret the extinction of what Gibbon calls "the elegant mythology of Greece and Rome?" Do you cast your sneers on religion to show your wit? This is beneath a man of talent. Can you find new arguments against Christianity? This is beyond your power. Will you persist in repeating old ones? Then cease to be proud of your originality. If you are under the impression that you cannot extinguish a sense of religion, do not attempt it. You may imagine that the world would be better without Christianity. Now, if you really imagine that it would be conferring a benefit on mankind to rescue them from a belief in those doctrines and a practice of those duties which the Christian religion enjoins, you have adopted a mode of proceeding little likely to answer your purpose. Those minds over which religion has the greatest power are serious; they will not relish witty objections. Even should your wit be founded on argument, they cannot bear the presumption which it implies. You thus defeat your own intentions. But if you are merely angry with Christians, ask your own heart if that conduct which excites your resentment is not, in good truth, owing to what you must know to be rather a deviation from Christian principles than the result of that religion. Blame, if you will, the pretences to sanctity, which have no sincerity; treat with rigour those who violate by their conduct the doctrines and principles which they profess by their lips; but show some reverence for those pure and holy maxims which the most decided unbelievers have recognised in the Christian system. Seek to know its merits, that you may hereafter share its blessings.

Memorials of Illustrious Women.

NO. I.—MRS. SHERWOOD.

How many there are whose early recollections have endeared to them the name of the authoress of "Henry and his Bearer" and "The Fairchild Family!" and certainly writers who, like Mrs. Sherwood, have dedicated their time, thoughts, and sympathies to the highest interests of the young, deserve to hold a distinguished place among the real benefactors of mankind.

This excellent and gifted woman was born in 1775. Her father, the Rev. George Butt, obtained considerable preferment in the Church, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of acquaintance. Her mother was a Miss Sherwood, a person of retiring, quiet habits, unattractive in person, but of a kind and gentle disposition, her character presenting in many respects a strong contrast to that of her vivacious husband. Brought up by her indulgent parents amid the endearments of a luxurious home, she thus depicts her juvenile appearance and character:—

"I was a large child, and grew so rapidly that I was at my full height—which is above the standard of women in general—at thirteen years of age. My appearance was so healthy and glowing, that my father, in fond fancy, used to call me Hygeia. I had very long hair, of a bright auburn, which my mother had great pleasure in arranging; and as I was a very placid child, my appearance indicated nothing of that peculiarity of mind which was afterwards made manifest. I was, from early infancy, a creature who had a peculiar world about me, and the first exercise of my imagination operated upon one set of fancies. My mother used to sit much in her beautiful dressing-room, and there she often played sweetly on her guitar, and sung to it. Her voice sounded through the hall, which was lofty, and I loved to sit on the steps of the stairs and listen to her singing. She had possessed a canary-bird when she first married, and it had died, and she had preserved it, and put it into a little coffin in an Indian cabinet in her dressing-room. My first idea of death was from that canary-bird and that coffin; and as I had no decided idea of time, as regarded its length, I felt that this canary had lived what appeared to me ages before my birth; and I had numerous fancies about those romantic ages, which possessed a spell over my mind that had power to keep me quiet many a half-hour as I sat by myself, dreamily pondering on their strange enchantment.

Speaking of herself when she was about nine years old, she says she was an indefatigable narrator of stories. With a sister and another child for listeners, she would repeat story after story, going on, at every leisure interval, for months together. Thus was the child the mother of the woman; for she continued to write stories, many of them both affecting and useful, to the end of a long life. This imaginative turn of her mind was cherished by the habit of conversing with her sister in assumed artificial characters, each addressing the other as a queen, or heroine of romance, and imagining appropriate incidents—a practice well calculated to give scope to the workings of an active and excitable mind, though by no means likely to prepare a young girl for the ordinary duties of an every-day world.

At the age of fifteen she was placed at school at Reading, under the care of a M. and Madame St. Q., whose establishment was probably one of the best which the times supplied; for Mrs. Sherwood mentions several ladies who were educated by M. St. Q., and who afterwards attained celebrity in the

world—among them Miss Mitford, Lady C. Lamb, and Miss Landon. Nevertheless, her account of it is anything but satisfactory to a Christian mind. The young ladies were of most respectable rank; yet the tone, both of morals and religion, was very low. On one occasion she reproved some of her companions for using improper language, and as they would not desist, she informed against them. From that time no bad word was ever uttered in her hearing, though she not un seldom observed the girls break off a conversation when she came near. At another time she picked up in the school-room an abridgment of an old novel which she had heard her parents mention with horror. Yielding to the temptation of curiosity, she read a page or two, but presently, conscience-stricken, laid the book down, and lifting her eyes upward, exclaimed, "God forgive me for my disobedience!" She had supposed herself unobserved; but a violent burst of laughter and a cry from the French teacher, "Mlle. Butt is saying her prayers," suddenly startled her, and she owns she felt more guilty than if she had been detected in stealing or any other disgraceful act.

Another anecdote she gives as follows:—

My mother had packed a Bible, which she had used at school, in my trunk, and the first Sunday, after we had been at church, I brought out my Bible, and began to read it in the school-room. It was the only one that I saw that year at the Abbey. But, oh! what a hue and cry was there when my occupation was discovered. Had the old Benedictines, in whose abode I was residing, suddenly risen from their graves, and seen me reading the interdicted volume, they could not have made more clamour than the teachers, and some of the girls, in imitation of them, made at the sight of my Bible.

It must be considered that one or two of the master teachers were Roman Catholics, as well as the principal of the house. Probably, as Mrs. Sherwood says, there was hardly any period since the Reformation in which England had been more dead and dark as it regarded religion, than at the time preceding the horrors of the French revolution. Looking back at this period of her life, she asks herself whether it was under the influence of religion that she did these right actions. Had a change of heart then taken place within her? "I think not," is her answer; "or that there was anything more than the effect of habit and a careful education." An attempt was afterwards made, by a clever and designing French emigrant, under the pretext of teaching her botany, to persuade her to use a prayer to the Virgin Mary; but she firmly resisted, and escaped the snare thus laid for her. During the last year she passed at Reading, great was the excitement occasioned at the Abbey by the events then passing in the world. The murder of Louis XVI. took place on the 21st of January, 1793. Most deep was the interest felt by the household of M. St. Q.—. All went into mourning; as well as many of the elder girls in the school; multitudes of the French nobility came thronging into the town, gathering about the Abbey, and some of them half living within its walls. Among them was one whom the young ladies thought little of—no less a personage than M. de Calonne, the ex-minister. No wonder, in such an atmosphere of excitement and romances the fair damisels took great delight.

I have many pleasing recollections (says she "Autobiography") of the last weeks of our residence at Reading. It was bright, summer weather; before leaving school we

were to act a play, and the emigrant ladies kindly undertook to array me as a *religieuse* of high rank. As the day of its representation approached, we lived more and more with the noble strangers, and entered more and more into their feelings. We talked with the ladies and danced with the gentlemen under the trees in the Abbey garden to the music of the harp. We were then, as it were, completely carried away with the spirit and feeling of France—of the olden times; and though nominally at school, were, in fact, what Madam de Genlis calls, "*la vie du chateau*."

For some time after she quitted school, she seems to have been exposed to great danger from the scenes of gaiety and dissipation with which she became familiar, abounding, as she expresses it, "with very great vanity." When in her nineteenth year, she began that career of authorship which she pursued with success and perseverance through many subsequent years. Her first book was entitled "The Traditions," and was chiefly written when she was with her father on a visit to Lord Valentia. Contrary to her own judgment, her father resolved to publish the work, which appeared in 1794. "The religion of the book," she says, "is a sort of modification of Popery, and nothing more or less." Surely, this was hardly to be wondered at, seeing the companionship into which she had been thrown at the most impressive time of her life.

Two years later, on the 29th of September, 1795, she lost her father, and in consequence of that event her mode of life underwent a complete change. Her quiet, timid, and reserved mother determined to retrench her expenditure as much as possible, and to reside in complete retirement, and she fixed on Bridgenorth as her place of abode, much to her daughter's dissatisfaction. "I have," she says, "a general recollection of being extremely dissatisfied, of having quite a horror of the house, and feeling excessively depressed." Happily, her mind, too active to be unemployed without preying upon itself, began to find relief, and speedily a lively interest, in the management of a Sunday-school, under the direction of the curate of the parish. This was in the year 1797, in the winter of which she was visited by her cousin, afterwards her husband, Henry Sherwood. His early history had been a very remarkable one; when a boy he had been taken by his father to live in France, and was there when the revolution broke out. He, as well as his sister, a young girl of fourteen, were arrested and kept in prison for some time, enduring no small hardships and terrible alarms. The narrative of his adventures and captivity is given in Mrs. Sherwood's memoirs, written by himself. Shortly after this time she completed her second novel, "Margerita," which she sold for £40, and in 1801 she published a more popular and useful work, "Susan Grey," which was at first written for the use of her Sunday-scholars, and was (to use her own words) "so great a favourite, that it was printed in every shape and form, and it would be impossible to calculate the editions through which it passed."

This tale she afterwards altered, as her own religious views became more decided. We learn from her autobiography that there was, during this period of her life, a strong contest going on in her mind "between the love of the world and a sense of the sin and vanity of that love." She formed stringent rules for the regulation of her conduct, which she nevertheless found it hard, nay impossible, to carry into practice. Defective as were the

principles of this young disciple, she was, nevertheless, earnest in her endeavours to do good, to teach the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, and to relieve the poor; and this benevolent disposition grew with her years, and brought forth fruit to the praise of God in those scenes of active life for which she was thus providentially being prepared. She says:—

My mind was at that time ignorant as it regards Christian doctrines. I was by no means happy; nor is it possible for any person to enjoy happiness until their minds are fixed upon the Redeemer. But the natural mind is morally incapable of comprehending Christ in this character, although it may struggle vehemently to deliver itself from the consequences of its own evil motions and acting, and to quiet its conscience by its own efforts to propitiate a justly-offended God.

She appears to have been one of those who are awakened rather than enlightened—who feel their spiritual wants, and are using the means of grace. Whatever ignorance or legality mixes with the efforts of such sincere inquirers, they are in search of the true riches, and shall find. He who has touched the heart, and turned it from the world, will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; He also will hear their cry, and will save them. "Then shall they know, if they follow on to know the Lord."

In the year 1803 her cousin, Henry Sherwood, who had spent five years in military service in the West Indies, made her an offer of marriage, which she accepted; and the marriage took place on the 1st of June. In October she left her mother to join her husband, whose regiment was quartered at Sunderland. She says in her journal:—

At this place I began to study the Bible in a regular way, though in much darkness. I began the Scriptures there, and continued to read them to the end, beginning again when I came to the conclusion. This constant reading a certain portion every day I carried on for many years; but I was not content with reading to myself, I must force Mr. Sherwood to do the same.

It was then she made the discovery that her husband "was not quite convinced that the whole of the Bible was true, although he thought parts of it might be so." This was a severe blow, which roused her indignation; she remonstrated and wept, and, as she says, "probably made her religion anything but inviting by doing so; although it would appear that, reprehensible as her conduct was, some good was effected through the mercy of God."

At the end of a few months, Mr. Sherwood had to go to London respecting the paymastership of his regiment, the 53rd, the appointment to which he afterwards received. On the morning after his return his wife presented him with a baby, to whom they gave the names Mary Henrietta. This event was productive of a most happy result.

After the birth of my babe, it is affecting to recall that, on the joy of her bestowal to us, her father, who had up to that time disregarded my desire, came to me, and doubled my happiness and gratitude to God, by saying that he would read the Bible to me every day; and from henceforward this promise was kept; the sacred book has, since then, ever been our daily study together.

Mr. Sherwood afterwards became a strenuous supporter of everything good.

The young wife and mother was soon to become practically acquainted with the inconveniences and trials of a military life. Orders and counter-orders for marching came one after another, until at

length the regiment was directed to proceed southward, and she went by sea to London, paying in the meanwhile a short visit to her mother at Worcester. Thence she went back, through London to Canterbury, accompanied by her sister; but she had hardly time to establish herself there, when the order came to march to Tenderden, and thence to Portsmouth, for foreign service. The pang of parting from her mother and sister and her native land was doubled by the necessity of leaving her child, now eleven months old, in England, as the climate of India, whither the regiment was bound, would in all probability have proved fatal to an infant so young. The entry in her diary is very touching:—

The last time I saw my Mary she was sitting on her nurse's lap. She was eleven months and eighteen days old. Oh, my baby! my little baby! She could then walk a few paces alone. She could call mama, and tell me what the lambs said. . . . My beloved baby—oh! my God! bless my baby!

In April, 1805, the regiment embarked for India. Captain and Mrs. Sherwood sailed on board the "Devonshire," with a fleet, for Madras.

Truly, indeed, it may be said, the voyage to the East Indies in a sailing vessel, during the period of fierce hostilities between England and France, was a very different thing from a voyage by steam in a time of general peace. Unfortunately for Mrs. Sherwood, when she reached the ship, every cabin was engaged, and it was only by a handsome bribe the carpenter was induced to part with his. In that cabin was a great gun, the mouth of which faced the port-hole; and the hammock was slung over this gun, and was so near the top of the cabin that it was hardly possible to sit up in bed! When the pumps were at work the bilge water ran then through this worse than dog-kennel; and to finish the horrors of it, it was only separated by a canvas partition from the place where the soldiers were quartered. There was no alternative but to leave this prison-hole as early as possible, and go upon deck, and sit under the awning by the wheel at the door of the dining-room; and the kind-hearted, loving woman soon found a congenial occupation in nursing her servant's baby, and in teaching a little boy, the child of a soldier, about ten years old, to read.

Thus (she says) with sewing, reading, and being read to, and teaching this child, the time passed pleasantly, until it was necessary to dress for dinner, which was done as regularly with us as in a gentleman's house at home. At night it was necessary for me to go down early to my miserable cabin, in order that I might be shut up before my neighbours, on the other side of the canvas partition, came down. Mr. Sherwood generally went down with me, and this was his hour for reading the Bible to me. I have still a copy of the New Testament marked by him as he read it each day in the "Devonshire." I have also a collection of pathetic little poems which he read to me there; and I have some very, very sweet recollections of hours which were particularly blessed to us in that dark corner, where no light ever visited us, and where no pure breath of heaven could blow. Thus, when God gives peace, he gives it in total independence of all external circumstances.

In addition to these personal discomforts, there were alarms both from storms and warfare. Hardly had the vessel cleared the Channel before a heavy squall carried away her top-mast and her main top-gallant mast. This caused the ship to lose way, and to be nearly out of sight of the fleet. A sail bore in sight, which it was feared would prove an

enemy. This was a false alarm; but a few days after three strange ships were discovered, which hoisted French colours and began to fire. The women and children on board were hurried down into the hold, where it was pitch dark, and the deck was cleared for action. Happily, when the enemy saw they were to have a warm reception, they sheered off, and left the fleet to pursue its course.

They arrived in sight of Madras on the 23rd of August, and took up their temporary residence there in two immense ground-floor apartments, allotted to their use. And here Mrs. Sherwood made her first acquaintance with camp-life in the East. She thus describes the first night's experience:—

Our sea-cot was placed at one end of the large room, and our boxes around it. We went very early to bed, really from not having taken the precaution to supply ourselves with lights; but we were by no means prepared for the multitude of companions with whom we were to spend the night. One would have thought that the whole room was filled with all sorts of living creatures of the insect tribe, by the variety of noises which were kept up. In the first place, there was the sound of a whirl, like a spinning-wheel; then a click, click, as of a clock; an occasional squeak; then a buzz, as of a fly, and the small, hollow, and tormenting note of the mosquito's horn; all these giving evidence of the presence of myriads of living creatures. However, we recollected that many other persons had slept in that same room before ourselves, nor was our sleep much disturbed by our apprehensions. Ours is a family who, when awake, are awake; but we sleep when we can, without being over fastidious about our lodgings. When we awoke in the morning, the light was streaming through the jalousies, and several elegant little black and white squirrels were sporting up and down the wood-work. The debauch and his assistants had arranged our breakfast to the best advantage, and every place seemed to me delightful after the ship.

After ten days they re-embarked in the same vessel for Bengal, and arrived, in due time, at Calcutta, where they hoped to remain some time; but at the end of a few hours they again started for Dinapore. There, on Christmas Day, their son Henry was born, and, to his mother's great joy, received Christian baptism. There was a good deal to awaken the liveliest sympathy in all that Mrs. Sherwood saw around her in this city. She grieved over the melancholy neglect of holy duties which she could not remedy. After attending Divine service on Sundays, in a large empty room—for there was no church at Dinapore—everything like religious consideration was at an end; business was transacted as on other days, and even the clergyman joined in the dissipation which concluded the sacred hours. "I was very uneasy," says the diary, "at the sad way in which our Sundays were spent."

Before long a means of doing good presented itself to her active mind. This was the establishment of a regimental school, which afterwards became "a very prominent feature in her Indian life." There was then no provision made by Government for the instruction of the children of the soldiers; it was to her that the first effort was owing. She commenced with only thirteen children, but the number gradually increased to forty or fifty, consisting mostly of children from the barracks; and a few of the merchants and other people in the neighbourhood of the cantonments sent their little ones; for she refused none, even when the children were coloured. It soon appeared that

many of the children were very wicked, and complaints of very bad language and very bad conduct were made; but, after vainly trying to cane the delinquents into good behaviour, it was found better never to listen to any tale that was told, and never to punish any offence which did not take place under their own eye. And this plan was found to succeed well. After a few months the regiment proceeded to Berhampore, a most unhealthy place for Europeans, and where she was called to undergo the heavy trial of losing her beloved child. Of this boy she speaks with surpassing tenderness; her very heart seemed bound up in his little life, and thus she lamented him:—

I could not reconcile myself to the thought of parting from him. My Henry was an exceedingly pretty child, paler and fairer than polished marble, with soft, blue eyes, hair of paly gold, and faultless features; but truly may I say, he never appeared to enjoy one hour of perfect health. This was the first bitter drop in the cup of my Indian life, which, otherwise, might have intoxicated me with its sweetness. How wisely and how kindly are all things arranged by our heavenly Father, for the good of those whom he hath reconciled to himself by the blood of his Son!

In the distress she suffered at the death of this lovely child, Mrs. Sherwood was greatly comforted by the truly Christian ministrations of Mr. Parson, the excellent chaplain at this station.

He devoted himself much to me in my deep sorrow (says the journal), to give me such views of Divine love as I never knew before. He was undoubtedly my first teacher (through the Divine Spirit) of this very essential truth, that man's nature is depraved. I found comfort in the doctrine: it was the comfort of one who, having long felt himself sick, discovers the nature of his disease, and has its remedy laid open before him. I read with eagerness a book he lent me—viz., "Owen on Indwelling Sin." I have reason to rejoice in this little step towards the truth which I had been led to ascend, and I have reason to remember with gratitude that friend who was permitted so far to assist me.

Shortly after this bereavement Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood returned to Dinapore, en route for Cawnpore, taking with them their infant daughter, Lucy, born a short time before her little brother's death. There they made a short stay, and made the acquaintance of the much loved Henry Martyn. He invited them to his quarters, and an intimacy of the most profitable kind commenced, which continued to the close of that devoted man's residence in India. Her description of his first appearance is interesting:—

He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, which was a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with Divine charity, that no one could have looked at his features and thought of their shape and form; the out-beaming of his soul would attract the attention of every observer.

Of Benares, which they passed through, she draws a striking picture:—

It is one of the most perfect examples of a Pagan city I have ever seen. In its wretched, dark, and narrow streets, one meets perpetually with hogs and sacred bulls having gilded horns, pariah dogs and naked fakerees, besmeared with mud and crowding, deformed men and women, beggars, lepers, Brahmins, Nantoh girls, and devotees, in furious, fanatic excitement, marching in procession, and shouting and howling fearfully in honour of their gods.

(To be continued in our next.)

Biblical Expositions, IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. L.—In St. Matthew's account of the healing of the centurion's servant (viii. 6—12), the centurion is said to have come himself to Jesus. St. Luke says (vii. 1—10), that he sent the elders of the Jews to Him, desiring that he would come and heal his servant. Reconcile the two statements.

The points of difference may be reconciled in two ways:—

1. If we bear in mind that the Jews were accustomed to represent what was done by any one for another as done by the person himself, then the centurion, who sent these elders and friends to Jesus, might be said to come to Him by them. In law, that which is done per alium is said to be done per se.

2. But it is probable that as Jesus came nearer to his house, he thought it would be wanting in respect if he did not come himself to meet Him.

S. L.—St. Matthew (viii. 28) speaks of Jesus meeting two demoniacs; but St. Luke (viii. 27) mentions only one. How is this to be reconciled?

It is true that both St. Mark and St. Luke speak only of one demoniac, but this does not exclude the presence of the other. There was, probably, something so peculiarly fierce about the one mentioned by the two evangelists, that it was deemed sufficient to record his case only. This gives proof sufficient of Christ's power over evil spirits.

T. M.—What is the meaning of the term "cup of salvation"?—Ps. xvi. 13.

There is, doubtless, an allusion, in this phrase, to the drink-offering of strong wine poured out before the Lord in the holy place Numb. xviii. 7. The Jews were accustomed, both privately in their families and at their public festivals, in expression of their gratitude to God for his every-day blessings, and for his more marked mercies and deliverances, to drink wine from a cup called "the cup of thanksgiving." The master of the house first drank of it himself, and it was then presented in order to all who were present. In allusion to this custom, the Saviour, at the celebration of the passover with his disciples, first drank of the cup himself, and then gave it to each of them. St. Paul, in 1 Cor. x. 16, calls the cup used at the celebration of the Lord's Supper "the cup of blessing," which is, in effect, the same with "the cup of salvation."

R. T.—Matt. xvi. 18, 19. Is Peter here spoken of as the rock on which the Church of Christ is built? Does Peter hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven? Is Rev. i. 18 a confirmation of what is stated in these verses? If Peter is not the rock, what text will prove that Christ is the rock on which the Church is built?

These words must be taken in connection with the verses immediately preceding. In reply to the question of Jesus, "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter had said, "Thou art the Christ," i.e., the anointed of God, the promised Messiah; which was as if he had said, "Thou art rightly named Christ." Jesus then makes allusion to the meaning of his disciple's name, and said, "And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter (i.e., thy name

signifies a rock), and upon this rock (*i. e.*, upon thy preaching) I will build my church." Observe, Christ does not say, "Upon thee I will found my church;" and Peter did not understand our Lord to say that he was to be the foundation on which His church was to be laid. Such a belief would have contradicted the confession of faith in Christ which he had just made. In his first epistle (ii. 4-6), he points out Jesus Christ as the only foundation of his Church. And in Acts iv. 11, 12, he repeats this truth to the rulers of the Jews. It is true that in Ephesians ii. 20 St. Paul says, that the Church is built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets (*i. e.*, upon their preaching); but he is careful to add that "Jesus Christ himself is the chief corner stone." And in 1 Cor. iii. 11, he speaks of him as the only foundation. The expression in ver. 19 is figurative. The "key" was anciently a symbol of authority; and the presenting with a key was a common form of investing with authority; inasmuch, that it was afterwards worn as a badge of office. When our Lord, therefore, said to Peter, "I will give unto thee the 'keys' of the kingdom of heaven," he meant him to understand that he should be the person by whose instrumentality the kingdom of heaven (*i. e.*, the Gospel dispensation) should be first opened to Jews and Gentiles, which was verified, as we see by reference to Acts ii. 41 and x. 44.

The 18th verse of Rev. i., has no reference to the above passage of Scripture, but refers to Christ's power to bring to the grave, and to raise up from it; to summon to the place of departed spirits, and to release from that state at the resurrection in the last day.

G. F.—"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."—Eccles. xii. 6. Have the expressions in this verse reference to the human frame?

Some suppose that they have; and by those who so think the "silver cord" is interpreted of the spinal marrow, which passes through the entire length of the backbone, and which is liable to be relaxed and weakened in old age, producing paralysis and debility, to which the aged are subject. The "golden bowl" is understood of the skull; the term "golden" denoting excellence. The "pitcher" is supposed to represent the large canals which issue from the heart, and receive therefrom the blood as from a fountain. The "fountain" is the right ventricle of the heart; and the "cistern" the left ventricle. The "wheel" is the great artery, called the aorta.

Others, again, suppose the images to be suggested by the Eastern method of raising water from wells. The great lesson, however, which the wise man is here teaching us, is that all the parts of the human frame will cease to discharge their functions at death. He bid us, therefore, to "remember our Creator now, in the days of our youth," while our noble faculties of sense and motion remain entire, and strong and lively. He tells us that the time will come when they will be totally disabled; when the nerves will shrink up, the brain cease to be of use, when the heart will fail, and the veins and arteries no longer carry the blood round the body—when, in short, the intricate machinery shall be stopped, and lie silent in death.

A FOREIGNER and an admirer of the "QUIVER" wishes to know the distinction between *repentance* and *remorse*.

St. Paul has given us, in 2 Cor. vii. 10, the true distinction between them. *Repentance*, he says, is that "godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of," while *remorse* is the "sorrow of the world which worketh death." The word in the original Greek which is here translated "*repentance*," means "*a change of mind*," which always accompanies true repentance. And so the Apostle says elsewhere "If a man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new."

The word *remorse* is derived from a Latin word which signifies to bite or gnaw, and signifies that keen pain or anguish of mind which is excited by a sense of guilt, and of the awful consequences which are likely to follow the sin committed. It was simply *remorse* which was felt both by Esau and the traitor Judas. They were each vexed beyond measure at what they had done; but the grief of each of them was unaccompanied with feelings of true repentance.

The Children's Hour.

No. 1.—THE STORY OF A LUMP OF COAL.

THERE is an hour in the dull winter's day, which may well be called "The Children's Hour;" that is, it may be called so in a household where the music of childish voices is no uncommon sound, and the patter of childish feet frequent and familiar. Both are heard in my home; and the Children's Hour is that when the curtains and window-shutters are yet unclosed, when the lamps in the street are yet unlighted, and the firelight casts fitful shadows on the walls. At this time, if I am alone, I am pretty sure to see some little figures at the drawing-room door, pretty sure to hear—"Mamma, we may come, mayn't we?" and then follows a rush to certain little low chairs, which stand as if awaiting the touch of small, eager hands; and presently, when all are seated, there is a momentary lull. It does not last; and very soon I hear the request—so often made that I anticipate it, and know it is coming—

"Mamma, do tell us a story!"

My stock of short stories for twilight had come to rather a low ebb. I had exhausted all possible impromptu adventures for Harrys and Bobbies, and Herberts, and Ediths; and though my own children always listened to old stories, dressed up, perhaps, in a new guise, with unwavering interest, nevertheless, I, as narrator, began to wish to strike out into some newer and fresher beat, for my own sake, if not for theirs.

It was a dull December afternoon, when pitiless rain was falling in the street without, and a moaning wind rose and fell, in fitful gusts, in the chimney, while a leaden sky shut out the short winter's day, even sooner than usual, that four pairs of little feet were heard descending from the nursery, and I roused myself from the contemplation of the "dark work" in my hand to the certainty that after a wet day at home a story would most assuredly be in request. I was not mistaken. Scarcely had my

three-year-old May nestled into her place on my knee, while the three elders had ranged themselves at the edge of the hearthrug, which is the prescribed distance from the fire, than Lily called, in the name of the whole company, for a story.

"Yes, and a nice long one, mamma," said Herbert.

"And a funny one, mamma," put in little Cecil; while May, over whom the firelight, and the quiet and the murmur of my voice combined, generally exerted a sleepy influence, clapped her hands, and echoed Cecil's words. "Yes, a funny one, mamma."

"Give me time, children, to think—one minute!" I pleaded, and for about half that time there was silence. At last I began—"I shall make the things in the room tell you their stories, children: it will be a change, won't it?" "The things?—which things, mamma?" and blue eyes were raised wonderingly to my face. Just then a very large lump of coal, which had been long lying dormant, woke into life, and sent a bright flickering light into the room. It shone upon Lily's hair, and illuminated the gilt buttons on Herbert's coat, and then, with a kindly sudden radiance, danced about amongst the pictures on the wall, and seemed to help me to decide that the coal should be the first thing there to tell its own story; and so it began, forthwith:—

"Dark!—yes, it was very dark—down in the place from whence I came; but I woke to a sense of this only when I felt a sharp peck and tug about me, and then there was a glimmer of light, and the indistinct form of a man, who held in his hand the pickaxe, which sent great lumps like me down into the passage cut through the vast mass of black coal of which I formed a part. I was not separated easily—a great deal of picking and pecking went on, before I fell; and my tormentor—for so I thought the miner—exclaimed, 'Look out, Bill!' Now Bill was the boy, I must tell you, who, with two or three others, was busy in heaping up blocks of coal like me into baskets, and heisting them into trucks, which run upon lines along the passages to the bottom of the 'shaft,' as I heard the miner call it. These little trucks, or barrows, are pulled by ponies—four-legged creatures—who, I heard, were generally blind, and so worked as well in the dark as in the light. It's a dismal hole—a coal-mine; but I've found out since that people above ground are not always so cheery or contented as the folks who spend their lives digging us great lumps of coal from my dark birthplace. Bill was an instance of this. How he whistled and sung, and whistled and sung again, as he heaped up the topmost basket of the little truck, and packed us great heavy lumps into our right places! I happened to be the top one of all, and I liked to be first and top, and sat as heavily as I could upon the two smaller lumps immediately beneath me.

"Our journey to the bottom of the shaft was speedy, and Bill's merry whistling must, I think, have encouraged the pony to trot on, for he never touched him with a whip, when suddenly there was a shout and a cry—or, rather, I should say, echoes of many shouts and cries, and I felt we had come to a stop; and I heard Bill say to the boy who had the charge of another truck just behind,

"Ned, hold—hold! there's a fall—there's a fall; we're hemmed in. There!"

"As he spoke all the horror of his situation seemed to flash upon Ned, who screamed in his

terror, and added to the fear of those behind him. Not so Bill; he knew very well what the danger was; and he knew how, as the roof of this part of the mine just before us had fallen in, it was a chance, indeed, if he should ever see daylight again. But little Bill, the child in the coal mine, raised his voice above the uproar as well as he could, and said,

"Don't ye be afraid, Ned; God is here."

"But Ned was afraid; he was younger even than Bill, and he came creeping along to his elder brother, leaving his own truck, and all that was in it, to the care of the little blind pony. The safety-lamp, which hung above the boys' heads just here, gave a lurid, uncertain light, and I, from the top of the foremost truck, could see grimy, scared children, for they were all children, young children, crowding together behind us along the narrow passage. It was a long, long time that we all remained thus. Brave, true little Bill alone kept up heart, and, his arm round his brother, he cheered him, and encouraged him to join in singing the hymn which would let those who were anxious to come to their rescue know where the boys were imprisoned. And help came at last, but not till Ned had sunk from his brother's arms in a long, deep swoon; not till the cries and calls for help had grown fainter and fainter; not till Bill himself had gasped out, rather than sung, the last verse of the hymn which seemed to be so dear to him:—

"Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name,
Refresh my soul in death."

Just then voices sounded, and the tick-tap of the axe showed that hewers were near, and were digging out the children. Then I heard Bill say—

"It's father's voice," and then no more, for the child's hand relaxed its hold on me, and he fell by his brother's side. He was saved, I trust. I heard them say afterwards it was not a very bad 'fall,' for it was very partial, but it had been caused by too much coal having been hewn away just by the place I have described, where Bill's truck, and that of several other children, was passing. But I knew no more of Bill. I was drawn with the rest up the shaft, which is something like a very long chimney, and at last I saw the light of day. The blue sky was over my head, the sun shining. What a contrast to my dark, black home below!

"Here much tossing and turmoil awaited us poor masses of coal, and I for one began to wish myself below again. We were thrown out of one place with a jerk, and into another with a thump and bang, and at last found ourselves in the hold of a collier ship bound for Bristol. A little quiet time, like that we had known in the mine, was again ours, and though tossed about with a perpetual swinging motion, we were all tolerably content. Again a succession of jerks and thumps, and we found ourselves heaped up in a merchant's coal yard, whence, in due course, we were hoisted on to carts drawn by what seemed to us great horses, when compared with the little blind ponies in the mine, and it fell to my lot to be deposited in the cellar of this house, here to fulfil the service for which I am designed.

"But," the coal went on, flaring up with sudden and farewell energy, "as I have lain in the coal

box all this day, I have heard a great many things which have surprised me. A little bit of the lid was raised, and so I saw something, before the tongs seized me in their iron grip, and pressed me clean between the bars here. This morning I saw a little girl at what I heard them call a piano, at that end of the room," and the coal sent out a somewhat spiteful spark in the direction indicated. "I saw this little girl and heard her too; she was grumbling about something, and seemed as cross as my friend the tongs. Her fingers were cold," she said: her mother sent her to warm them; then she 'could not count that bar.' I don't exactly know what bar she meant, though I dare say you do. Then six times over, at least I heard her mother say, 'G sharp, Lily;' and at last, with a weary sigh, there was a sound of shutting the piano, and the little girl came close to the fire, and was soon very busy making a frock for her doll, she said. She seemed contented now, but soon two little brothers came into the room; then one rolled her cotton on the floor, another spilled her needles, and very soon there was wrangling, and dissension, and unkind words, and frowns, and several rough pushes. Why, I can scarcely believe they are the same faces before me now, and yet," said the coal, falling down lower and lower in the grate, and blazing up for the last time as it did so, "they are the same, only they are all smiles now. But when you are cross and discontented, little people, I wish you would think of the mine from whence I come. Children are there as young as you; children who seldom can frolic in the sweet, fresh air; children who know not the pleasure of making daisy chains and cowslip balls; whose little fingers are ever black and stained with their rough, hard work. Think of them, children of this happy home, when you are going to grumble and quarrel; think of them and pray for them. I told you of one who bid his brother remember God was near them. There are many more like him, and many who have proved the sweetness of that holy name he sung about so bravely when death seemed to hover near.

"My work is over, now," said the coal, feebly, "but yours is yet to come. I hope you'll be as cheerful about it as you can: don't make troubles of trifles, and when you gather round a pleasant fireside, and enjoy the heat and warmth which we coals are wont to give, remember the children like you who have worked to bring us to you, and are working, working, working now; and while you bask in a bright, cheery blaze, let the blessedness of your lot, as contrasted with theirs, make you thankful, very—very thankful."

The clock on the chimney-piece struck five as the coal lost its individuality in a smouldering mass of lurid red. The Children's Hour was over, and May was roused from her sleep on my knee by the appearance of a messenger from the nursery to say tea was ready.

Cecil, who was glad to be gone, was off like a shot. Lily and Herbert lingered.

"Mamma," said Lily, "am I so very discontented?"

"Answer the question yourself, my Lily," was my reply: "answer it honestly, and—"

"I am not thankful enough, not half," said Lily, while Herbert echoed, "No, and I am sure I am not. How many things there are in this world to think

about, mamma, and to learn from! The old coal's story was a pretty one. What will you tell about to-morrow, mamma? Come, Lily;" and then the little feet skipped lightly away. The lamp was brought in, and I was alone again.

A RELIEF FOR SORROW.

THE grievous things, whatever they be,
That haunt and vex thy heart and brain,
Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see
How thou mayst turn them all to gain.

Lovest thou praise? the cross is shame;
Or ease? the cross is bitter grief:
More pangs than tongue or heart can frame,
Were suffered there without relief.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

REDSTONE FARM.

REDSTONE is a large, straggling town, with a population of about 4,000. It probably takes its name from the peculiar colour of the gravelly soil, and the deep red sand-pits which abound in the immediate neighbourhood.

It has, in common with other country towns, its "high streets" and "low streets"—its substantial brick houses, and its more humble tenements. There is the large, square, stone rectory, standing in its high-walled garden; there is the doctor's house, with its white gables and less extensive premises; and there is the lawyer's residence of staring red brick, immediately in the centre of its broadest thoroughfare.

Of course, Redstone has its "Blue Lion" and its "Red Lion," its "Queen's Hotel" and its "Commercial Inn;" for at the time it was built, the daily coaches had given ample employment for every landlord and ostler in the place. Now, the railroad had considerably reduced their custom and patronage.

If the reader will accompany us about half a mile out of Redstone, on the old North road, he will see, a little to the right, a large white house—one of the genuine farm homesteads, now daily becoming more rare—built of common rafters, neatly white-washed, with a stout thatched roof. There it stands, "alone in its glory," surrounded by stupendous hayricks, animated with the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the grunting of pigs, and the cooing of pigeons. At night, no sound breaks its stillness save the squeak of the rats in the wainscot, or the deep growl of the surly mastiff chained in the yard, at some imaginary foe who comes in the shape of a flutter among the fowls, or a movement in the pig-sty.

But little reck Farmer Sandford—bluff, burly, Roger Sandford—and the three strapping lads who sleep beneath the roof of the lonely farm-house—of nervous terrors or midnight alarm; and the two women servants feel pretty secure with such a body-guard, as these four strong men would have laughed to scorn the notion of keeping pistols cocked, or guns primed, for the reception of burglars, and have bared their brawny, muscular arms, with the yaunt, "Let them come! these are our

weapons." Whether they would have proved effectual against the subtler agency of powder and shot may remain an open question; but, be that as it may, no gang of lawless ruffians, intent on plunder, ever disturbed the serenity of Redstone Farm.

It doubtless had its domestic troubles. What home fire-side has not? for most true is it that "there is a skeleton in every house." Whether it takes a tangible form, or whether it merely consists in the jarring of tastes, the clashing of opinions, the want of unanimity of feeling, the spectre on the hearth makes itself both seen and felt somehow in every family circle.

If on woman is often laid the charge of a shrewish tongue, a love of gossip and slander, and a close fist, are there not many men ready justly to recall the bed of sickness smoothed, the gentle word spoken in season, the angry father appeased, or the fault covered and forgiven? Are there not some willing to admit that the home unblessed by mother, wife, or sister—unpurified by woman's influence—can scarcely be the seat of domestic virtues and elevated sentiments?

Such was the case at Farmer Sandford's. He had lost his wife when his eldest boy was four years old, and his youngest but a few days. As he never replaced her, the three lads grew from childhood to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood, with no other ideal of womanhood than the rough farm-servants, who had rather suffered them to run wild than tended them. Betsy, the red-armed, red-faced, broad-tongued, illiterate cook and house-keeper of Farmer Sandford's establishment, being, in her fashion, to their youthful minds, mother, sister, and nurse in one.

What could be expected from such nurture? Where were the prayers lisped at a mother's knee, and echoed in that mother's heart for the babe who, with uplifted hands, asked to be "kept from temptation and delivered from evil?" Where were all the good and holy associations of childhood to rest on, as an anchor, in future years, when manhood's storms came thick and fast, and the pitiless waves of sin threatened to overwhelm them?

Alas! Farmer Sandford's three boys had no "shield of faith," no "breastplate of righteousness" wherewith to enter armed into the "good fight," and to defy the "world, the flesh, and the devil." They had been baptised (it was a necessary form to be gone through, that their baptismal names should be registered), but that they had been sealed "Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their life's end, manfully to fight under his banner," was a solemn fact they neither knew nor realised. They attended church with their father, when matters animal or agricultural did not interfere; but they regarded it rather as an agreeable mode of keeping up friendly intercourse—a pleasant gathering of neighbours, than as any sacred ordinance.

To the ordinary observer, Farmer Sandford's three sons were very fair specimens of young British yeomen. Roger, the eldest, aged nineteen, was the handsomest and most vivacious; John, the second, aged eighteen, was the most athletic and powerful; Charles, the youngest, not quite seventeen, was the most intelligent and refined. That Roger was of a teasing temper, and inclined to be unsteady, was a mere trifle; that John was passionate, jealous, and easily provoked, was also a

trivial matter; while, as for poor Charley—good, quiet lad—if he did follow in the wake of his brothers, and, as yet, showed no distinctive traits, either for good or evil, who could wonder at, or even blame him? No one knew any harm of young Charley Sandford.

So reasoned the little world of Redstone, and so reasons the great world around it; and yet the insignificant creatures of whom it is composed possess those mighty elements of concord and discord which, bursting into vices and virtues, fill our goals and workhouses, or grow to be the pride and glory of our British homes.

CHAPTER II.

THE HARVEST SUPPER.

It was a sultry afternoon towards the close of August, and Farmer Sandford and his three sons were as hard at work in the fields as any of their men; for, notwithstanding the heat, there were some threatening-looking clouds in the far west, which betokened a change of weather, before which the corn must be all carried.

Charley was driving one of the wagons to and fro; his coat stripped off, and his fair young face flushed and sunburnt. Roger and John were each lending their sturdy aid to pile the loads, and their voices might be heard, now raised in coarse merriment, now in rude oaths and curses.

The old farmer was here, and there, and everywhere—now chiding the less active, in language no choicer than that of his elder sons—now stimulating the ready workers by hints of the harvest supper, and promises of ale and gin *ad libitum*. So "the reapers reaped, the sun fell, and all the land was dark."

But there were light, and mirth, and warmth, and boisterous revelry in the large stone kitchen at Redstone Farm that evening: the clatter of knives and forks, the clink of glasses, and the Babel of voices.

As the night wore on, coarse songs, with choruses less remarkable for harmony than vocal power, made the rafters ring again. Of course, the old staves, "Here's to our master," and "For he's a jolly good fellow," were shouted with vociferous glee, and though the head of one man sunk on his breast in a stupor of drunkenness, and the brain of another reeled with fire of Satan's kindling, the old farmer smiled benignly on his men, and thought he was but rewarding them for their labours. Is not "the labourer worthy of his hire?" Yes; but need the wages of the hireling be paid in Satan's coinage?

There was not one eye which retained its natural intelligence and lustre around Farmer Sandford's too hospitable board that night, when the latch was softly opened and a young man entered. His figure was tall and slight; his features so delicately chiselled, that, but for the keen, cloudless, piercing eye and the determined lips, his appearance might have been pronounced effeminate.

There was a hush upon his entrance, and an attempt at obeisance from the revellers, followed by a whisper, "T' parson, t' parson," from mouth to mouth. I say an "attempt" at recognition of their minister, for there was not, by that time, one at the table who could rise steadily on his feet, speak without a hiccough, or conceal the evidences

of deep drinking in the shaking hand and heavy, glistening eye.

The farmer and his three sons all welcomed their guest with hospitable courtesy; but Roger and John exchanged a frown, which expressed as plainly as it could, "A wet blanket! What should bring him to-night of all nights in the year?" Charley was the only one who received the new-comer with sincere pleasure, and even he showed some sense of shame at the scene into which the young rector had entered, a consciousness that there at least he was not "the right man in the right place."

"A rough lot, sir!" said the farmer, apologetically; "but good, hard-working chaps, and it's only once a year."

The clergyman smiled a sorrowful smile, as his clear eye scanned the animal-besotted countenances before him.

"Only once a year!" he slowly repeated; "aye, farmer, only once a year in the mass, perhaps; but if all these men go to bed sober every night for a month to come, I shall be surprised."

"They'd better let me catch 'em drunk about my premises, that's all," growled Sandford; "I'd cow-hide 'em."

"What for?" said the rector, drily.

"What for, sir? Why—why—it's a beastly habit; and how could they do my work properly w' their brains muddled with liquor?"

"Ah! Mr. Sandford, the love of drink is a consuming fire; you have kindled one in each of those men's hearts to-night, which may smoulder, but will not be extinguished; it will always be ready to break out again when an occasion offers. These men may only get drunk at your expense once a year, but how often may they do it at their own expense before this year expires?"

The farmer looked abashed; he did not understand the minister; but his youngest son, who had been listening intently, did. He gazed with pain and humiliation at the scene before him.

The men, too far gone in liquor to be more than momentarily restrained by their clergyman's entrance, had broken out as uproariously as ever; and fragments of coarse jests, interspersed with profane language, reached the spot where they were standing.

"Come into the parlour, sir," said the youngest Sandford; "this is no fit scene for you. I'm sorry you should have looked in to-night."

"But I am not, Charles," replied the rector; "it is my wish to see mankind under all phases. You might as well expect a young surgeon to flinch from the sight of wounds and disease, as a young minister to keep aloof from moral deformity and corruption. Pretty physicians of the soul we should be, if we pretended to cure a complaint of which we knew not the evil root!"

Mr. St. Aubyn had said this as he followed Charles Sandford into the snug parlour, where they now stood, removed from those gross sounds which had jarred offensively on their more refined ears.

"I looked in to-night, Charles," continued the rector, "simply because I knew it was your harvest supper; and my field of work having lain, until this last year, in the heart of a large city, I have never had an opportunity of judging upon the expediency of this our ancient and popular mode of

"treating" the labourers in a Christian country. From what I had heard and read, I entertained strong doubts as to its being conducive to the moral or physical well-being of the lower class; the short glimpse I have had is quite enough. Why, Charles, there is not a man in your kitchen to-night whose face is not bloated and distorted by excess. What will they be like to-morrow, thank you? Yes, they'll come to their work as usual, and do it after a fashion; but their cheeks will be sadden, their eyes dull, and their whole spiritual man steeped in insensibility. After every fit of intemperance, a man sinks many steps down the spiritual ladder which he finds it very hard to climb up again."

"All you say is most true, sir," answered young Sandford; "but really a drinking bout such as this has grown into a sort of national evil. The men expect it—regard it as their right; and my father must do by his servants as others do, or he'd not get men to work for him with the same good will, if at all."

"You're quite right," answered the minister; "it is not an ill to be grappled with by individuals, or in single instances; you must strike deep down to the roots: masters must raise the tastes of their men, and then, acting in concert, change the character of these glutinous scenes—I can call them by no milder term."

"How do you mean, sir? I don't quite understand you."

"Encourage them to spend their money and spare time in educating themselves and their children—subscribing to book clubs and mechanics' institutes, where such are established: you will then find, as their tone of mind is raised, their intellect cultivated, they will care less for those sensual enjoyments which now form the staple of their gratification."

"I doubt you'd never make the British labourer give up his beer, sir."

"It would be a work of difficulty, I grant, Charles; but I am of opinion that, like the labours of Hercules, it might be accomplished, even if it were a task as great as the cleansing of the Augean stables."

"Something like it too, sir, I fancy," laughingly replied young Sandford; "our ploughmen's tastes would want vast purifying before they changed into what you desire. Why, even I could not do without my ale at dinner, if I gave up grog at night."

"So you think, my lad, but it's merely the force of habit; and if you left it off, you would fancy you missed it much more than you actually did. Don't tell me an arm like this—(grasping one whose muscles would not have disgraced a waterman)—don't tell me an arm like this needs any spurious strength! But we'll talk more on these matters another time, my young friend; I must be wending my way homewards. By-the-bye, have you read those books I lent you?"

"Not all, sir; it has been such a busy time with us; but—"

"Well, bring them back to the rectory when you have read them, and choose any others you may fancy. Now, good night to you."

As young Sandford was unlocking the front door for the minister, the farmer bustled up to them.

"Nay—not going, sir, on such a night as this,

without bit or sup? Hold hard, Charley lad, Mr. St. Aubyn 'ull take a glass o' wine first."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Sandford, but I never touch anything of the kind."

"Bless my heart! no wonder you look so pale and weedy like, begging your pardon."

Mr. St. Aubyn laughed; he might have replied, "Since you *do*, no wonder you look so purple and apoplectic, farmer!" But he was too courteous to make any such retort, so he merely answered—

"I have never known an ache or a pain since I left off all stimulating drink; there was a time when I was not equally abstemious, or I believe my face would be less pale than it is now. Good night."

"Well, I suppose he's been and taken the pledge, poor chap!" groaned the farmer, as the door closed behind the rector.

"I don't think he needs that, father: he is very firm in doing that which he feels to be right," answered Charles.

"Hulloa, my lad!" said the farmer, "has the parson been talking you over, too? Are you of his way of thinking?"

"I'm quite of 'his way of thinking,' as you call it, father; but in my case it would be easier to approve than to practise."

Charles Sandford had good impulses: but until he had fallen under Mr. St. Aubyn's influence, he had never reasoned upon his responsibilities. He was now becoming dimly conscious of better springs within him than his imperfect education and disadvantageous associations had developed.

On returning to the kitchen from Mr. St. Aubyn's refined society, he looked with sadness upon the stupid countenances around the tables, and felt a sense of angry shame at seeing his brothers' flushed faces, and hearing their voices emulating those of the men before them in vulgarity and noise.

But he mixed himself a tumbler of hot brandy-and-water, with a pang of compunction, so as not to seem singular; and before the loud revel was concluded, was asleep in his own little chamber at the top of the house.

CHAPTER III:

THE RECTOR.

THE Rev. Herbert St. Aubyn was a young man of good family and some private fortune, besides the excellent living of Redstone, of which he had only been the incumbent about a year before our story commences.

He had been educated at Eton, and from thence had gone to Christ Church, Oxford, where the temptations of gay companions had proved too much for a young man naturally disposed to sociability, and constituted to shine as an ornament in any circle.

There was, then, a brief period when Herbert St. Aubyn forgot the holy calling for which his university career should have been a preparation; but the bitter disappointment of his parents at the failure of their hopes that he would gain distinction at Oxford, combined with natural excellence of disposition, prevailed with the temporary backslider.

He left the University without disgrace, although he had not gained the laurels his friends expected, and resolutely forewore the temptations which had hitherto overcome him.

Although so young a man, his untiring energy, unswerving rectitude, and the powerful eloquence of a superior intellect, had gained Mr. St. Aubyn the respect of all his parishioners, and the affection of many. Like the apostles of old, he went about amongst them "as he had opportunity, doing good unto all men;" and although he never spared censure where he saw occasion for it, so kindly a desire for their immortal welfare was evinced through it, that he made few enemies.

Among those who entertained a most sincere regard for the young minister—a regard daily deepening into affection—was young Charles Sandford.

Herbert St. Aubyn had been much struck by the fine, honest intelligence of the lad's face and manner upon his first visit to Redstone Farm, and the evident superiority of his mind and disposition to that of his brothers; at the same time that he saw cause to deplore the want of moral and intellectual culture he had received. But he perceived there was good soil to work on; and most zealously and effectually were the weeds being eradicated, and the fruitful seed implanted in the youth's heart.

Charles Sandford had become in some degree Mr. St. Aubyn's pupil. When he could find leisure from the avocations of the farm, he was a welcome guest at the rectory, where his new friend would teach, talk, or read with him. Over the fire at night, while his father and brothers drank, smoked, and chatted of agricultural matters, Charles would abstract his mind from all that was passing around him, to centre it on some easy theological work, or simple practical rules for the guidance of our moral life, which the rector had selected as suitable for his perusal.

Redstone Farm was no unpleasant house for occasional visitors either—they were sure of a hearty welcome, and a warm corner upon the hearthstone; so that, though Mr. St. Aubyn neither smoked nor drank, he would sometimes drop in of an evening, and pass an hour agreeably enough in general conversation with the Sandfords.

The farmer, though not a religious man, had, as we have before stated, a respect for the outward forms of religion, and the old-fashioned reverence we so often see in that class for the clergy; thus, in the rector's presence, the habitual oaths and coarseness of language were suppressed. True, when St. Aubyn strove to raise the standard of thought at Redstone Farm, or bring forward topics bearing upon "the one thing needful," he was met by indifference and obscure comprehension in all but Charley; yet he was inclined to view its inmates with a lenient eye, and to hope that as in the olden days of miracles, in a moral sense, "the deaf would be made to hear, and the blind to see."

(To be continued in our next.)

THE CHRISTIAN COMFORTED.

CHILD of God, by sorrow tried,

Chasten'd, humbled, purified,

When thy latest hour draws near,

Canst thou banish doubt or fear?

Fainting o'er the opening grave,

Canst thou trust my power to save?

Servant, well thy work is done!

Soldier, rest, thy battle's won!

Literary Notices.

Parson and People; or, Incidents in the Every-day Life of a Clergyman. By the Rev. EDWARD SPOONER, M.A., Vicar of Heston, Middlesex. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street.

THESE sketches from every-day life are calculated to be useful both to rich and poor; to the rich man, by pointing out the enormous amount of evil that may be rectified, and of comfort that may be imparted to the fatherless and the friendless, by a judicious appropriation of some portion of his spare means to trustworthy and experienced persons labouring among the ignorant and the destitute. The poor man also must benefit by reading these sketches; as they tend to remove false impressions respecting the cold-heartedness and indifference supposed to be manifested towards the afflicted, the needy, and the guilty by those whose bed, and food, and clothes are always sure. This book, owing to its easy style, and its pictures from nature seen in sunshine and in shade, possesses the allurements which fiction claims, and the weight which a truthful narrative justly demands.

It was said by a wise and good man, "Miracles have ceased, wonders have not;" and a right-minded man, working in the cause of piety and benevolence, and working also with judgment, perseverance, and prayer, will not fail to accomplish wonders; and few men can peruse the well-written pages of "Parson and People" without the conviction that the esteemed author has "accomplished wonders."

To effect the diversified benefits so vividly described in this volume, a combination of very favourable adjuncts, no doubt, was needful; and we are inclined to suspect that the worthy vicar's benevolence and tact found powerful auxiliaries among "his kith and kin." Friendly alliances like these, zealous men cannot always command. Therefore let not the hard-working, kind-hearted divine be disheartened if his own well-directed exertions be not productive of an equal result. At a feast, even a water-bearer is not despised.

This little volume teaches us all what can be done to lighten misery and banish ignorance, and points to the dead and to the living who have made the effort and succeeded; as such, therefore, it rebukes every indolent pastor; it also shows what ought to be done, and consequently censures the ungenerous and the selfish. The author utters no voice of rebuke; but men of reflection will perceive that "he censures others by the dignity of excelling."

We hope, from the examples afforded by the zeal of the late chaplain to the Middlesex Hospital, and by the energetic perseverance of the Vicar of Heston, that other good men, looking to the Wise for wisdom, and to the Strong for strength, will be encouraged to succour, help and comfort all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation, and to labour in season and out of season, to instruct the ignorant, to reclaim the wanderer, to turn the ungodly from the error of his ways to the pursuit of those blessings which benefit for both worlds.

To afford our readers the opportunity of perusing a few of these sketches from real life, we have taken the

proper steps to obtain from the author and the publisher the legal right to transfer to our pages a portion of this interesting work.

Poems for Home and the Fireside. By A. A. L. G. London: Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

Sixty-two subjects are poetically set forth in this little volume. We quote one of them, from which our readers can judge for themselves of the powers of the author as a poet:—

Flee to Jesus, sinner, flee,
He shall hearken to thy plea;
Hasten, hasten to his feet;
Hasten to the mercy-seat!
Trembling sinner, fear not thou?
Look up to thy Saviour now!

Do thy doubts and fears oppress?
Do thy sins give thee distress?
Cast those doubts and fears away,
Lo! behold the healing ray
Of the Sun of Righteousness,
He who comes to save and bless!

He who saved Magdalene,
Who so merciful has been,
Who the dying thief forgave,
And is willing still to save;
Shall He not then pity thee?
Shall He not thy Saviour be?

The Philosophy of Man. London: Hamilton and Co.

THE subject is discussed under seven heads, viz., Man's Maker; Man's Duty; Man's Nature; Man's Conscience; Man's Responsibility; Man's Immortality; Man's Destiny.

Small as is this work, we wish, for the author's sake, that it had been smaller. It contains some great thoughts, and some sound arguments; but a work ought to be devoid of the flowers of fine writing, that seeks to influence the mind by the power of argument. Eloquence does not add force to a philosophical treatise; nor does it give any increased effect to a series of rational deductions and inferences. Fine writing on such occasions is like gilding an antique bronze—the gold is injudiciously expended, and the bronze is spoiled.

Fulfilled Prophecy a Proof of the Truth of Revealed Religion, being the Warburtonian Lectures for 1854 to 1858, including an Investigation of Daniel's Prophecy of the Seventy Weeks. By the Very Rev. W. GOODE, D.D., F.S.A., Dean of Ripon. Hatchard and Co., Piccadilly.

THIS work embraces a very wide field of investigation, as it comprehends, for the most part, the numerous prophecies relating to the children of Israel; the men and the land of Edom; the cities of Babylon, Tyre, and Nineveh; the Seven Churches of Asia; the Church of Rome, and the time, place, and circumstances connected with the Messiah. In addition to the matter contained in the body of the work, there are nearly 100 pages of notes by way of appendix, and these notes display a large amount of reading and good scholarship. In these days, when heresy is patronised by men in high quarters, we hail with pleasure a work like that of Dean Goode's Lectures, which calmly but firmly contends for the faith and seeks to maintain sound doctrine. This work will be found to throw considerable light on difficult portions of sacred history, and therefore may be welcomed as a valuable aid to the right understanding of the Holy Scriptures.

Readings for Spare Moments.

THE CENSURER REBUKED.

THE first sermon preached by the late Rev. Robert Hall, at Cambridge, was on the doctrine of the atonement, and its practical tendencies. One of the congregation, who had embraced very erroneous views of the Gospel, said to him, "Mr. Hall, this preaching won't do for us; it will only suit a congregation of old women." "Do you mean my sermon, sir, or the doctrine?" "Your doctrine." "Why is it that the doctrine is fit only for old women?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering upon the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort." "Thank you, sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not suit people of any age, unless it be true; and if it be true, it is not fitted for old women alone, but is equally important at every age."

SAYINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

WHEN *Æsop*, in answer to the question put to him by Chilo, "What God was doing," said that "He was depressing the proud and exalting the humble," the reply is considered as most admirable. But the same sentiments are to be found in the *Midrash*, though expressed, as usual with Jewish writers, in the form of a story. It runs thus:—A matron once asked Rabbi José, "In how many days did God create the world?" "In six days," replied the rabbi; "as it is written, 'In six days God made the heavens and the earth.'" "But," continued she, "what is he doing now?" "Oh," replied the rabbi, "he exalts the lowly, and depresses the haughty."

In the *Talmud* are scattered a number of moral tales and apologies; one or two specimens will be sufficient to form an opinion of the character of other parts of this curious body of Jewish learning. There were discovered on the fragments of an ancient tombstone Greek words to the following purpose:—"I WAS NOT, AND I BECAME; I AM NOT, BUT SHALL BE." The same thought is expressed in the following reply of Rabbi Gabiha to a sceptic:—A free-thinker once said to Rabbi Gabiha, "Ye fools, who believe in a resurrection, see ye not that the living die? How, then, can ye believe that the dead shall live?" "Silly man!" replied Gabiha: "thou believest in a creation; well, then, if what never before existed exists, why may not that which once existed exist again?"

"You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is everywhere, and boast that he resides amongst your nation; I should like to see him." "God's presence is, indeed, everywhere," replied Joshua: "but he cannot be seen; no mortal eye can behold his glory." The emperor insisted. "Well," said Joshua, "suppose we try to look first at one of his ambassadors?" The emperor consented. The rabbi took him into the open air at noonday, and bid him look at the sun in its meridian splendour. "I cannot; the light dazzles me." "Thou art unable," said Joshua, "to endure the light of one of his creatures; and canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? Would not such a sight annihilate you?"

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

THE power of the written Word of God, which is as a very "two-edged sword" in spiritual might, was wonderfully exemplified some short time ago. A gay wedding was about to be celebrated in a London church, on a bright summer's morning, and a crowd of eager sightseers thronged round the door, to catch a glimpse of the bridal party. Among the rest was a lad of some seventeen years, who joined them in order to ply his unholy trade; for he was a

pickpocket. Though so young in years—scarcely on the threshold of life—he was, alas! only too great a proficient in the ways of sin; nor had any one told him of Jesus, and the better way. Seeing that the crowd outside was mainly composed of the poorer class of persons, who were unlikely to have any valuables about them, the lad pushed forward, and gained admission into the church itself. It was but seldom that he had been in the house of God, and then only when it was full; and he was intent on his wicked pursuit. But now the building was empty, and a solemn stillness seemed to pervade it—a stillness which communicated something of itself to the boy's soul. He walked towards the chancel, and his eye fell on the Ten Commandments, set up over the communion-table. What is that which he sees? "Thou shalt not steal," written in clear, large letters. For some time he continued motionless, still gazing at God's denunciation of theft. Twice had a light hand been laid upon his shoulder without attracting his attention; the third time the boy looked round, and saw a mild, kind eye looking earnestly and lovingly at him. "My child," said the clergyman—for it was the incumbent of the church who spoke—"there is a marriage to be celebrated; wait for me until the service is over; I would speak to you." The tears rose into the lad's eyes, as he followed the clergyman, almost mechanically, into a pew, where he sat down as he was bidden, and waited until the termination of the marriage ceremony. The worthy pastor then rejoined him, and learning from him his history—he was an orphan—exerted himself so well to improve the impression made on his conscience by the commandment in the church, that the boy abandoned his past career and his past associates altogether, and, before many years had passed over his head, became a useful and a happy member of society. How ardently did he lift up his soul in thankfulness to God, for bringing him into the church on that gay wedding-day! and how often did he repair, with willing feet, to sing the praises of his Redeemer in that very temple which he had once entered to steal, casting his eyes, with pious self-abasement, to those self-same commandments which, under God, had been the means of his conversion!

THE BENEVOLENCE OF COWPER, THE POET.

"If there is a good man on earth," Lord Thurlow was wont to say, "it is William Cowper." From his childhood he possessed a heart of the most exquisite tenderness and sensibility. His life was ennobled by many private acts of beneficence; and his exemplary virtue was such that the opulent sometimes delighted to make him their almoner. In his sequestered life at Olney, he administered abundantly to the wants of the poor; and, before he quitted St. Albans, he took upon himself the charge of a necessitous child, in order to extricate him from the perils of being educated by very profligate parents. This child he educated, and afterwards had him settled at Oundle, in Northamptonshire.

CRUELTY.

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

A PERSIAN usurper having taken his rival prisoner, and wishing to cause his death, without the stigma of wilful murder, erected a small castle upon a foundation of rock salt, in which he ordered his prisoner to be confined. The unhappy youth had not been in durance many days, when the tyrant took secret measures for producing an inundation round the walls of the prison. The salt was speedily melted; the castle fell; and the unfortunate prince was buried in its ruins.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

AN ACT OF SALE AND A DEED OF GIFT.

"COME, what shall we say for the two pictures?" said the giant, looking down upon his companion, when he had opened his cheque-book and dipped the price-clerk's pen in the ink. "I may as well put the two sums together; £30 for 'The Girl'—what am I to put down for 'The Snow Piece'?"

"Perhaps," said Edward Smith, timidly, and with the confusion of a novice in business transactions, "it would be better to refer the matter to Mr. Buckmaster; he best knows what you ought to pay me: you know him, and therefore can trust him as readily as I can."

The giant smiled.

"You oughtn't to pay me £30," continued Edward Smith, "for No. 640. The price is far too high. A friend of mine painted a picture of the same size and not less merit a few months since, and was glad to get half that sum for it."

"I dare say he was," said the giant, quaintly.

"And the other isn't worth so much. If you give me £30 for the two, Mr. Buckmaster's pupils would think me overpaid."

"I see you're no tradesman."

"No, sir," answered Edward Smith, simply, "I understand nothing about business; I wish I did."

"I shouldn't be surprised to hear that you have never sold a picture before."

"I never have sold a picture before. I didn't expect to sell these."

"Have you ever earned any money?"

"Never. I should have done, had it been my duty to do so," returned the young artist, blushing, in consequence of the strangeness of the position, the difficulty he experienced in speaking about money, and the dictatorial, but not unkindly inquisitiveness of a stranger, whose name was still unknown to him. The price-clerk stood in a corner of the office, pretending not to be watchful of the interview. But Edward Smith did not care about his presence, for the man was well known in the Newman Street studio, and enjoyed the confidence of John Buckmaster's pupils. The giant, let it be also observed, knew that this was the case.

"No doubt, no doubt," returned the giant, in his full, hearty, but still hard voice. "You're a man grown though, aye?"

"I'm in my twenty-third year."

"I wish I could say the same of myself. Ah, I had to work for my bread before I was your age. When I was fourteen, I swept out an office in the City for five shillings a-week. But why did you name £30, if you think the price so far too high?"

"Because I didn't mean to sell it."

"Umph—what next?"

"I wished to keep it myself as a memorial."

"Then you shouldn't have exhibited it."

"So it appears. But you shall have it if you wish for it. You are Mr. Buckmaster's friend, and you tell me he says you *ought* to have it."

"How literally you construe words."

"Of course I do."

"You should be cautious. There are a good many false words floating about the world, spoken for the purpose of misleading."

"When false words mislead me, I am cautious for the future of their speaker, not distrustful of those who have never deceived me."

"Not a bad rule for a tolerably good world," replied the giant, carelessly shading in a cheque as he spoke; "that is to say, in all matters not relating to money. But we won't wait to speak to Buckmaster. We can settle this affair without him. There, if that will satisfy you, it will please me. I'll send you a memorandum of the bargain, which you shall sign."

As he uttered the last words, he laid a cheque, filled-up, signed, and dried on blotting-paper, before the young artist.

"You must have made a mistake," observed the latter, opening his eyes with astonishment, but continuing to speak with his characteristic slowness, notwithstanding his surprise.

"No," returned the giant, with a benevolent smile.

"Then, sir," rejoined Edward Smith, composedly, but with much warmth and significance, "you don't buy pictures as investments. I thank you."

"My young friend," was the answer, "work hard, keep yourself as far as you can just what you are now, and before many years have passed over your head, you'll meet with wiser men than I, who'll pay you more foolishly, and think me a lucky man to have bought those two pictures for so small a sum. Good-bye; we shall meet again soon."

"I hope we shall, sir," responded Edward Smith, bowing, whilst the delight which filled him was visible in his frank, massive, boyish face, and brilliant in his fine eyes.

The giant put his cheque-book quickly into his breast-pocket, and hurried away; but he and his young friend had more words before the day closed.

Wishing to give his patron time to leave the Academy, and get clear away from Trafalgar Square, before he himself ran forth to Newman Street in search of John Buckmaster and fellow-students, to whose sympathising breasts he might communicate the triumph of the morning, Edward Smith turned into the sculpture-room, with the intention of waiting a few minutes there till the giant should have recovered his walking-cane from the official guardian of visitors' sticks and umbrellas, and made good his departure from the building. But no sooner was he amongst the sculptures than his mind was completely diverted from his personal affairs. He stood for a minute before Marshall's marble statue of "Eve," glanced at Gatlley's bust of "Espartero," took note of the model of a statue of the Marquis of Anglessey, and the statuette of the Emperor of Russia, by Count D'Orsay, examined attentively Durham's "Mirth," a study in marble, and then drew up before an exquisite statue of a nymph, seated on a rock, and listening to words coming to her from above. It was Marshall's

"Sabrina;" and as the young man gazed at the pure loveliness of the living stone, he forgot all about his two imperfect pictures in the dark octagon room; their sale, the giant, and his proposed walk to Newman Street; and no sounds were in his ears save the low harmony of water rippling against the ledges of a rock, and the musical words of Milton's "Comus" descending from above—

Sabrina fair!

Listen, where thou art sitting—

Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave;

In twisted braids of lilies, knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;

Listen, for dear honour's sake,

Goddess of the silvery lake,

Listen and save!

"Give me another minute," said a voice at the side of the artist, who was thus held by the sculptor's power.

Edward Smith started, and turning saw the giant near him again.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "I am back again sooner than you expected—sooner than you wished, like a bad shilling. You *must* tell me something."

"What do you wish to learn?"

"Why you called No. 640 'For Ever.'"

Edward Smith coloured, and bit his lip.

"You object to tell me," returned the other, with an air of vexation. "Good! the secret is your own, and you've a right to keep it. I didn't bargain for it, and won't now squeeze it out of you."

"I'll tell you. The knowledge won't increase your pleasure in possessing the picture; but since you are curious about the matter, it would fret you to be kept in ignorance. Moreover, I owe it to you to consider your wishes."

"No, no," rejoined the other quickly, misled by a word; "you owe me nothing."

"I was not thinking of your munificent payment," returned Edward Smith, "but of the tone—peevish, angry, disrespectful—in which I addressed you a short time since, when you were determining to hold out to me a helping hand. I owe you some amends for my misconduct."

"Tut, tut, my dear Mr. Smith! you were quite justified in feeling as you did."

"But not so in speaking as I did," interposed the young man, gravely, with another startling exhibition of the ingenuous earnestness and openness which were among his most charming qualities. "A man is often right for feeling that which he would be wrong to put in words. I owe you some amends, and I will make them, at the cost of a little pain to myself."

The patron was silent, and appeared somewhat disconcerted.

"More than a year since, sir," continued Edward Smith, speaking in an altered voice—so low that no chance passer-by could catch up his words, so audible that the giant could hear every syllable that was uttered, "death took away from this world a person whom I dearly loved, who deserved the whole love of my heart—and had it. You see how I am dressed in mourning still. That dear one left me 'for ever.' There's a part of the answer you would have."

"The whole of it," interposed the other, warmly, clinching his right fist. "Not a word more, sir—not

another word. I protest! I had not a suspicion of this explanation. I am humiliated. Not a word more."

"Yes, yes; listen for a minute," continued the young man, quietly. "It was my first sorrow, and for a time it quite overpowered me. A boy doesn't know how to deal with grief; how should he? You, sir, must have had many sorrows, for you have lived many days; and possibly, it is now so far removed from you, you've clean forgotten your first great grief—lived it down; but the memory of mine is still fresh. Well, the first approach of comfort after my trouble was made when, in a listless mood, I was putting that girl's face on the canvas. I had seen the face somewhere in the public ways, and it took such hold of me that I had no need of a model to aid me at the easel. I had no thought of painting a regular picture; but in sheer idleness, as is the wont of us artists, meant only to play for an hour with brushes and colours. But I went on; draped my lay figure with a habit, such as the young lady wore when her face attracted me, and did what you have bought. 'It is a dream of beauty and gentleness,' Comfort whispered, 'like the recollection of the one you've loved and lost. As you've painted her she is moving away from you; before she has left you "for ever" she'll drop a flower in her path, which you may pick up and remember her by. That flower will figure the blessing which came from the lips you once loved—came from them a minute before they were cold for ever.' There, sir, you have my secret. Share it with me; don't tell it to others, since it has been given, not sold, into your keeping."

"My friend, I understand you—how you loved her!" said the giant, with many signs of confusion.

"Oh! don't misunderstand me," rejoined the artist, a smile breaking over his saddened face; "the friend I lost was not a woman."

"What!" exclaimed the giant, profoundly astonished. "You can't have cared for a man so much!"

In a simple tone of explanation, Edward Smith answered, "He was my father."

It was clear the young man thought his last four words removed all cause of astonishment.

"Mr. Smith," said the giant, heartily, "I have bought your pictures; I wish I could buy your friendship."

"That," returned the artist, with equal cordiality, "cannot be bought, but, like my secret—it can be given."

On which words the two men—the hard man of business and many years, and the young man who was still a boy—joined hands.

Which act having been accomplished, the giant took his departure for the second time.

When he had crossed over Trafalgar Square, and was walking down the great thoroughfare which leads to Westminster, he muttered to himself, "Umph! that young man has the organs of form and colour, an eye for the beautiful, a steady hand, sympathy with others, and common sense; he has also the gentleness of a girl, the strength of a man, and the heart of a poet. If all these qualities are requisite for an artist, real artists will never be as plentiful as peas in a pea-stack."

CHAPTER VI.

AN OBSERVATION, OR A MESSAGE.

WHEN Edward Smith descended the flight of steps in front of the National Gallery, ten minutes after his new friend had effected his second departure, he was in no humour for the congratulations of artist friends. His present and nearest wishes were for solitude and quiet, in order that he might calmly reflect on all that had passed during the preceding hour. Even the society of his close companion, Rupert Smith (who will figure rather conspicuously in these pages), would at the moment have been distasteful to him. The young man felt that a crisis of his life had come upon him unawares—had brought to him a powerful person, able and willing to help him off into the battle of life; and he had a pleasant consciousness that the powerful person had gone away with his inclination to extend patronage to an unknown artist strengthened by their interview.

Leaving Trafalgar Square—still crowded with equipages, loungers, and eager pedestrians—the young man walked quickly to Waterloo Place, and, by the steps at the foot of the Duke of York's column, entered St. James's Park. Slackening speed as soon as he was in the park, he sauntered leisurely under the trees towards Buckingham Palace, and onwards, by the right, under the skirting avenue of the Green Park, to Hyde Park Corner, whither, three months later, the Wellington statue was brought from Mr. Wyatt's studio, in the Harrow Road, with much pomp of marching troops and noise of military music, and was raised to the summit of the triumphal arch on which it is still conspicuous. "It will look well enough, seen from the duke's windows; but the public will laugh at it, when they see it stuck up there," observed Edward Smith to himself, as he meditated on a question of taste which was just then agitating the town; and with this expression of a critical opinion, which seventeen succeeding years have signally verified, the artist entered Hyde Park, and keeping close to the railings of Rotten Row, at that hour filled with superbly mounted equestrians of both sexes, made for Kensington Gardens, where it was his wont to take much walking exercise.

Amongst the members of art-student cliques, he was notorious for his love of exercise. In solitary pedestrian excursions he had made himself familiar with the scenery of London's outskirts, various in their styles and degrees of beauty; in company also with his friend Rupert, he was often on the water—pulling a strong oar past Putney and Richmond, Hampton and Sunbury, whilst Rupert lay back in their boat at his ease, tranquilly admiring the banks alongside which his companion's muscular arms conveyed him, or cheerily pouring forth the quaint nonsense which simple Edward Smith accepted as wit, and the shallow speculations which the same unlettered, unsophisticated Edward Smith regarded as outpourings of profound knowledge and wisdom. But he was not one of those who deem nothing beautiful where the hum of the city can be distinctly heard. John Buckmaster's pupils laughed at him for haunting the gardens and parks of London, and for maintaining that their lawns and forest trees had points worthy of the observation of an artist's eye. In the public squares and streets, also, he noiselessly, and often unconsciously, educated

himself for the vocation to which he intended to devote the best powers of his intellect. Faces and forms, expressions of countenance and attitudes of figure, effects of architecture and costume, carelessly encountered in market or alley, on bridge or steamboat, and little heeded at moments of actual observation, silently bedded themselves in his impressible mind, and in quiet periods of subsequent meditation rose before him—distinct, clear, suggestive, as when he first encountered them in sunshine or fog, mist or dust-cloud, gaslight or pouring rain, clear atmosphere or murky twilight. "When I am in a healthy frame of mind," he once observed to his friend Rupert, "I find a hint in the tiling of an old roof, or a square yard of street pavement."

Kensington Gardens had, therefore, under ordinary circumstances, the power to lure him into forgetfulness of the occurrences of actual life. But on this occasion his eyes heeded neither oak nor elm, neither water nor grassy sweep, nor blue sky resting on the tree-tops. Seated on the sward, under the rustling canopy of a huge lime, he recalled the features of his companion in the afternoon's interview, thought over all that had passed between them—from the giant's easy insolence and dictatorial tone of superiority at the opening of their conversation, to the warm grasp of his strong hand, given as they parted. The entire scene came back. In the white, fierce sunlight—still fierce, though the shades of evening were mustering beyond the line of the horizon for their nightly march over the land's surface—just six feet before the outer line of the black carpet of shadow flung down by the branches above, the giant seemed to stand—massive, burly, stupendous—stored with the energies of a successful man of action, throwing keen and contemptuous glances at the lime's foot from his keen, flashing eyes, just as he did when he said, "I have a fountain of gratitude for the servant who gives me a well-boiled potato;" when he boasted that he bought "pictures as an investment—purely as an investment;" when he observed, with disdain and suspicion, "he can break it; it isn't under seal; it isn't in the bond." And then the countenance of the grand, overbearing man softened, as he stood there in the white sunlight, and the expression covered him which he wore when he asked the young and unknown artist to give him his friendship. "He can't really care for art," thought Edward Smith, "for a man who truly loved art could not have spoken so; but he is a fine-hearted man. I am sure he is. He is proud of his power and money; but he uses the one mercifully, the other bountifully—both generously. I may trust him. I wonder what his name is? By-the-by, I can learn that from his cheque."

Taking the paper from the waistcoat-pocket into which he had awkwardly thrust it in the price-room, the young man glanced at the signature, and then studied it intently. He could not make out a letter of it. At least two inches long, it was a sprawl made up of about twelve down-strokes, and as many up-strokes; but the aggregation of dashes and scratches was utterly illegible to the uninitiated reader. He could as easily have deciphered a legend in cuneiform character. So replacing the draft in his pocket, he determined to defer

all attempts to satisfy his curiosity till he saw John Buckmaster in the course of the evening, which was already close at hand—indeed, had actually arrived.

When Edward Smith had risen from the ground under the lime, and walked city-wards, as far as Hyde Park Corner, the row was deserted, the ring was void of carriages, and the great quality of the West End were preparing for dinner; whilst the sky in the direction of Kensington was blushing with the glories of a gorgeous sunset. On reaching Leicester Square, the young man was reminded of the hour and of his abstinence from food since luncheon by a monitor who is usually punctual in the discharge of his duties to lads of two-and-twenty summers; and after peeping into three or four Soho chop-houses, where he deemed himself most likely to find familiar companions, he ordered a beef-steak and a pint of stout at the "Duke's Head," Poland Street—a place of entertainment well known to Buckmaster's pupils.

"Any of my friends been here to-day, Sam?" inquired Edward Smith, as the waiter put his meat before him.

"Not since three o'clock, sir; hexcepting Mr. Rupert, who, being hof hof his feed, had nothing but hiced soda hand a drop o' brandy."

"That all he had?"

"Nof hall he hasked for. He hordered habsinthe, though he knowed well henough we don't serve it. He's halways hordering habsinthe, though he knows we serve nothing but straight-forrard liquors."

"Perhaps he left a message for me?"

"Perhaps he did. Perhaps it were ha message to you or ha hobervation to me. 'Sam,' he said, 'hi shall step hup to Newman Street.' That's hall he said hafter drinking his hiced, hover-hand-habove remarking that hit were a hot hafternoon; which piece hof hintelligence hi were posted hon by the state hof the shop heven before hi turned hon the gas."

"Well, Sam," inquired Edward, smiling, as he made a first cut across his steak, and found it of commendable tenderness, "and why should you think that a message for me?"

"Hit could hardly have been ha hobervation, for o' course he'd no thought hi should like to foller him hup to Newman Street; hand so, Mr. Edward, since has ha hobervation hit were no use to me, it might have been honly ha message. Hand who should he send more likely like ha message to than you, seeing that you har halways walking, hand talking, hand heating, hand drinking, hand smoking together, 'cepting that you does precious little o' the talking hand none o' the smoking, hand he does nearly hall the drinking?"

Having given which sufficiently lucid explanation, Sam cried out, "Coming, sir!" to a purely imaginary occupant of a box at the other end of the room, and left the artist to his dinner.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN BUCKMASTER, OF NEWMAN STREET.

CLOCKS had struck the hour of nine p.m., and their minute hands were nearing the fifteenth minute past that hour, when Edward Smith, having consumed his steak and stout, and paid Sam an appropriate fee for service as well as provision, walked up Newman Street,

and pausing at a door on the east side of that thoroughfare—which, in 1846, was as much a place of resort for art-students as was Gower Street for the medical undergraduates of the London University—took a latch-key from his pocket, and without rapping or ringing, entered the art academy of John Buckmaster, whose name has already appeared in these pages.

The spacious hall of entrance was rich in casts of antique sculptures, old easels packed in corners, rough cases for the accommodation of pictures or their frames, and other artistic lumber; but there was a conspicuous absence of the tables, chairs, umbrella stands, and other furniture usually found in the vestibule of a private house. Instead of being protected by blinds of muslin and cotton-cloth, the privacy of the apartment was preserved by a thick coating of London dust on the glass of the narrow, high windows which flanked the street door; and the gas-jet burning at the foot of the wide oaken staircase flared out right or left, in an amiable desire to satisfy the wishes of two counter-draughts of air.

Crossing this hall, Edward Smith entered a large room in the rear of the house—a room at that hour brilliantly lighted with gas, although good eyes in the open air could still have read small print without the aid of a candle, and so overpoweringly hot, that the new comer from the warm, summerly temperature of the streets gasped and coughed as he inhaled the stifling atmosphere, to which additions of carbon were being steadily made by the lungs of nearly thirty lads and young men (varying between sixteen and twenty-five years of age), who were ranged at long tables put across the apartment, and were busily engaged drawing with crayons on rough paper the faultless proportions of a live model, who stood on the table at the farther end of the room, divested of raiment, and maintaining, by an effort of no ordinary endurance, the stillness of stone. The model was a man whose entire frame was a magnificent specimen of harmonious symmetry and muscular development; and as he preserved a motionless attitude under four strong jets of gas, the full force of whose brilliance was turned upon his head by burnished reflectors, the drops of sweat rolling down his face gave proof that, under certain conditions, to stand still is far from light work.

When Edward Smith crossed the threshold, the room was so silent that he unconsciously trod with lighter step, in order that his arrival might cause no disturbance. The intently-occupied draughtsmen were regarding their drawings or the model, or, with quick, noiseless movements, were dividing their glances between the latter and the former. Here and there a sensitive ear could have detected in the hot, crowded room a laboured respiration or a suppressed cough; but had a pin dropped from the quaintly-fretted ceiling of the old banqueting room to the floor, it would have caused a sensation to the listener.

Half a minute later the clear bell of a small dial on the mantelpiece struck the quarter-hour past nine, and all was sudden commotion. The impassive flesh statue in a trice jumped from the table under the fierce gas-burners, and proceeded to dress himself in the costume of a modest citizen; the students sprang from their

benches, and, after a brief five seconds of preliminary buzzing, began to talk and laugh at the top of their voices; and a merry Irish voice, ringing out above the uproar, exclaimed, "Hallo, Edward Smith, why weren't you here sooner? You've lost an evening at 'the life.' I question whether you have been guilty of the offence before. Young man, young man, be careful; don't fall away from your previous well-doing, or I'll write to your friends in the country. Mike Gavan admonishes you, sir; and you'll please to consider yourself admonished."

"Your brother has been here—that is to say, was here 'before the hour,'" broke in another voice, addressing Edward.

"My brother? I haven't one," answered Edward.

"Then your cousin; brother is near enough," replied the other.

"No cousin of mine," answered Edward Smith, "would think of coming here."

"Then your uncle, aunt, cousin, grandmother; I don't care a fig what relation he is to you. You're always about with him, the fellow is always about with you, and the chaps have told me his name is Smith, Rupert Smith. He ought to be your brother."

"I understand you now," rejoined Edward Smith, laughing at this reiteration of a mistake which had, during three preceding years, caused him frequent amusement.

"What a mule you are, Duffus," broke in Mike Gavan, who, though his acquaintance with the two Smiths was slight, was aware that their friendship had begun in the art-cliques, and that no relationship was known to exist between them. "Rupert Smith is no relation to Edward. Rupert Smith is a regular swell, a barrister-at-law; lives in the Temple, dines at the West End, rides in Hyde Park, dresses like a tailor's fashion-book; whereas this young man is no more than you or I. Rupert Smith is a gentleman, and amuses himself with artists and dancing dogs; this child, Edward Smith, to wit, is only a snob, who means to get his living by his brush."

"You know a great deal about us," interposed Edward, who had a character for coldness and reserve amongst Buckmaster's pupils, and was not exactly well pleased with the free and easy tone of the Irish lad.

"Come, man," retorted Mike, with eyes twinkling mischievously, "don't be playing the great man over us poor fellows just because you have sold one of your pictures."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, haven't you heard of your purchaser?" replied Mike Gavan, who was merely making fun of his companion, and was ignorant of the morning's transactions between the giant and the person whom he addressed. "The Marchioness of Blackfriars, attended by her sister, Lady Southwark, and her two lovely daughters, visited the Academy this morning, and was so struck with that charming girl's face, that she put her name down for it before leaving the exhibition. I saw little Cootie this morning in the prize room, and he told me all about it."

"All right, I understand you," returned Edward Smith, seeing the drift of Mike's imaginative humour,

and experiencing no ordinary pleasure as he responded to it in a manner which greatly startled his hearers. "But there is many a truth spoken in jest. The picture is sold."

"What, Smith," exclaimed half-a-dozen voices, simultaneously, "you sold your picture?"

"I have sold both of them," answered Edward, with unusual quickness.

The reply caused great sensation, eliciting a spontaneous round of cheers from the assembled students; the applause being followed by cries of "Lend us a fiver, Smith;" "Don't cut your old friends;" "You'll be playing the great man now;" "You must stand supper in Poland Street;" and a score other similar ejaculations.

When the uproar had in some measure subsided, Mike Gavan inquired, "Who bought them?"

"That's the best of the joke," responded Edward, with a laugh. "I can't tell you the capitalist's name. I have his cheque in my pocket, but I can't make out the signature; but I shall very soon be able to satisfy your curiosity."

"What's the figure, then? You can tell us that. What's the sum total of the rhino?" put in Mike Gavan, who was the most talkative as well as most idle of John Buckmaster's boys.

"Yes; I can tell you that, but I must decline doing so till I have seen Mr. Buckmaster, who ought to hear the particulars first, as the gentleman is a friend of his. Mr. Buckmaster recommended him to buy them. I have to thank Mr. Buckmaster for my good fortune, and I'm now going to thank him."

"Gammon!" exclaimed Mike Gavan, turning from Edward Smith and addressing the other students. "It's all flat gammon, and no mistake about it. He thinks to put a cram on us, but we're too old birds to be caught by such chaff. He has a swell's cheque in his pocket, but can't make out the signature; he has the interesting document in his private fob, but won't show it to us till he has done the respectful to 'old Bucky.' I, for one, say 'Hookey; tell that to the horse-marines.' I wasn't born in Dublin to be made a fool of in London; and I won't advance a screw of 'bird's-eye' on that cheque till I see it. I am as 'cute as most of my neighbours, seeing as how my eye-teeth were cut so early that I had to be suckled on cold beef and pickles. It's all downright gammon."

Amongst Buckmaster's pupils, Mike Gavan (who had not been in London many months), had won some reputation as a sprightly humourist and a jolly little fellow; but sprightly humourists and jolly fellows are sometimes prone to jealousy, and of such good fellows Mike Gavan was one. He was not ready to believe the good news, because the news was not good to him.

"What's all this noise about, boys?" inquired a deep, gruff, but by no means unpleasant voice, the owner of which entered the room as he spoke. "It's Bartlemy Fair and Greenwich Fair on the top of each other. You'll bring the house down with your shouting and speech-making. This school isn't to be turned into a bear-garden; and my name, Mr. Michael Gavan, is John Buckmaster—at your service, sir—not 'old Bucky.' You may call me 'old' if you like (for I am an old,

battered, used-up fellow), but you haven't my permission to call me 'Bucky.' If you wish to shorten my name, take the last part, and call me 'Master;' and remember that's what I am. But what's the noise about?"

Mike Gavan having retired into the depths of his own self-consciousness, and no longer manifesting a desire to act as spokesman of the party, a young man, who hadn't before made himself conspicuous in the assembly, answered, hurriedly, "Edward Smith has sold his pictures, sir; and we gave him a cheer: that's all, sir."

"Quite right, too, boys! Never be jealous of a mate's success, when he deserves it," returned the teacher, who, in his gouty, asthmatic old age, had no success of his own to boast about apart from the popularity of his school amongst students, and the enthusiastic admiration of his pupils. "And Edward Smith *ought* to succeed; what's more, boys, he *will* succeed. There's the making of a great painter in him. He has eye, hand, judgment, taste, and perseverance; mind that boys—*perseverance!* He works hard now, and ten years hence, when John Buckmaster has left Newman Street and moved to Kensal Green, he'll head the whole of you. Good luck to you, Edward Smith! I am glad to hear of your good fortune."

"For which I have to thank you, sir," rejoined Edward, blushing crimson—for he had never before heard his praises sounded so cordially, never suspected that he held so high a place in his master's approval.

"Leave the thanks alone, lad," was John Buckmaster's response, made in a voice of emotion, and rendered impressive by a drop twinkling in each of his eyes. "Keep the gratitude in your own heart; it will grow there, I know. I am thankful that John Buckmaster's good word can help a promising youngster. Here, come with me. I want a word with you."

(To be continued.)

PASCAL'S EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

A REMARKABLE conversation which the great Pascal once held with some friends of Port Royal, though unpublished, is still preserved. In this conversation Pascal explained to those about him the plan of a great work which he meditated. This was to be an "Apology for Revealed Religion." He designed to set forth the Evidences of Christianity, to demonstrate the existence of a God, to enumerate the leading principles of the faith. He asked for his purpose ten unbroken years of health and leisure. The health and the leisure never came. His life—one prolonged acute disease—was worn out ere thirty-nine. The great reasoner had, however, been in the habit of jotting down, from time to time, on stray pieces of paper, any reflections that occurred to him in relation to his vast design.

These were written on the backs of letters, or chance scraps, and bound up in bundles, or strung together on a file. So frail was the bark to which this precious freight was entrusted! This fragmentary memoranda, under the title of "The Thoughts of Pascal," have long riveted the attention of mankind by their charm, their power, and their instruction. Compared with the majestic whole into which the cunning hand of genius would have welded them, they have been well likened to stately porticoes, discoverable amid the sands of Egypt, leading to palaces which the lapse of ages has destroyed.

Diligent editors and careful commentators have endeavoured to arrange these fragments in their order and connection. We hope it may be possible to string the pearls harmoniously, to arrange the jewels in their proper setting, to exhibit the scope of the argument as a whole. The work is a library in itself; many aphoristic sentences might be severally expanded into a volume; but the value of the whole is something different and something better. From the undeveloped character of the rude material it is surpassingly difficult to attain to this, though it may be approximately accomplished. The French editor has faithfully reprinted every syllable he could find. The MSS. sometimes abruptly breaks off in the middle of an argument, a sentence, a word. To use the language of M. Vinet, "We are taken into the sculptor's studio, and behold him at work, chisel in hand." Pascal's work on the "Evidences of Christianity," in its present incomplete form, is rather to be described as an argument. It is one of special kind and peculiar value. He does not rest on any list of authorities and facts. Except for the exquisite polish of the few writings which he really elaborated, he was hardly a literary man. He does not appear to us to have possessed any wide acquaintance with books. He principally drew upon the resources of his own mind. As we should have expected from the greatest mathematician in France, his genius was eminently analytic. He, indeed, takes a rapid survey of ancient systems of philosophy, and appeals to the standing miracle of the Jewish nation, and forcibly contrasts Mahometanism with Christianity; but beyond this, his work is hardly concerned with literary and historical material. He interrogates deeply and powerfully the human consciousness, and from a man's own mind and nature elicits an order of evidences. The phenomena of man's

own state are themselves evidences of Christianity. It must not be imagined from this that Pascal's work is separated by a strong demarcation from other works on the Evidences. On the contrary, he anticipated Paley; and the author of the "Eclipse of Faith" observes—"There are few, even since his time, who seem to have appreciated more fully the evidences of Christianity arising from indications of truth in the genius, structure, and style of the Scriptures, or from the difficulties—not to say impossibilities—of supposing Christianity to be the probable product of human artifice." But Pascal had brooded deeply—somewhat sadly, somewhat cynically—on human nature; and his thoughts chiefly relate to the corruption of man, and the remedy for the evil.

He does not seem to have had so much in mind the small minority of thoughtful sceptics, as the great mass of people who hold religion in indifference and neglect. For the earnest doubter he has deep sympathy and ample hope. He fully recognises the case of those who look upon doubt as their worst calamity, and make it the business of their lives to search after truth. But this great thinker has nothing but irony and contempt for the mere worldling. "It is to be wished," he daily remarked, "that the enemies of religion would at least learn what it is before they oppose it." Their conduct is simply monstrous and unnatural. It is as if a prisoner in a dungeon, over whom the sentence of death is hanging, with a single hour allowed for its possible revocation, should choose to amuse himself instead of taking all necessary measures. Such a person, if religion is true, reserves for himself perdition; if untrue, annihilation. He has debarred himself from any glorious alternative. In that remarkable section called "The Wager Chapter" he pursues the subject. M. Cousin has sneered at this; but nothing shows more strongly the terrible earnestness with which Pascal grappled with practical Atheism. He discusses the matter according to the doctrine of chances or probabilities. Suppose it is a game of chance—a wager which one is obliged to lay. Suppose that mere reason cannot affirm, it cannot also deny, the truth of the proposition concerning God's existence. But the conditions of such a wager were these: if you win, you win everything; if you lose, you lose nothing. It would be irrational, when compelled to play, to refuse to risk one life to gain three. But here, where there is an equal chance of gain or loss, the finite is risked when there is infinitude to gain. It will be seen he thus meets the unbelieving worldly mind on its own ground, and shows its stupendous folly. There are traces in the argument that recall the mathematician, and also which remind of his own former life of Parisian gaiety. But he presses home the result of his

argument with the utmost pathos and earnestness. Seek remedies for unbelief. Humble your will. Weaken the force of passion. Learn from those who have emerged out of bondage like your own. "If this argument pleases you, and appears strong, know that it proceeds from one who did, before its commencement, and will after its close, fall on his knees before that infinite and invisible Being, to pray that he would also subject *you* to Himself, for your good and for His glory; and that thus Omnipotence might give efficacy to his feebleness."

Pascal examines the nature of the facts which occasion the indifference of mankind. First, he takes the amusements of men, in which he includes multifarious labours and all dissipations of time. Beyond this he speaks concerning the nature of deceptive influences. The analysis of imagination is profound. Self-love is portrayed with a portraiture satirical in its sadness. The disproportions and inequalities of man are discussed. He here deals with the infinitudes of magnitude and minuteness. Man is the central point between nothing and everything. He is on a shore of infinite extent, whose centre is everywhere, and circumference nowhere. Man is equally incapable of searching into the nonentity from which he was derived, and the infinitude into which he is absorbed.

Pascal's description of man in his greatness and of man in his misery is of Miltonic grandeur. Man appears as the fallen archangel of created intelligences. He is miserable, and he knows it; that proves his greatness. Man is conscious that he has lapsed from his place in creation. He is a dethroned prince. Who is unhappy at not being a king except the king who has been deposed? Man alone is conscious of his ruin. There is no such sense in the withering tree or crumbling mansion. Man is still majestic, and his majesty consists in thought. He is but a point in the universe, but by thought the universe can be embraced. He needs not that the universe should crush him, for he is but a frail reed; a breath, a drop of water, may do that. But in dying he is greater than the universe, for the universe is unconscious of its power. The dignity of man is in thought, and to *think well* is his true elevation. Groping in impenetrable darkness, he knows not what rank to assign himself. What a mystery, then, is man! a monster, a chaos, a compound of contradiction, a prodigy! He is the master of all knowledge, and yet an abject worm of the earth. Behold him the glory and opprobrium of the universe. "Learn, then," he thrillingly exclaims, "oh, proud being, the paradox which you constitute. Humble yourself, vain reason! be silent, weak nature! Receive from your Great Master that secret of your true condition; of which

you are so ignorant! Listen to the words of God!"

Pascal supposes the case of an individual who has passed his life in indifference and self-ignorance. He is at last brought to contemplate himself. He searches everywhere for truth. But he searches in vain through all human religions and all earthly philosophies. The result of this survey is only dissatisfaction. Stoics, Atheists, Pyrrhonists, and those who, under modern names, revive their doctrines, fail alike. He is consequently first thrown back to Judaism, and ultimately on Christianity. It seems to have been Pascal's plan, in the first part of his work, to show the misery of man without God; that Nature is corrupted, even by itself. He next shows the happiness of man with God; that in revelation we find our remedy. Pascal avows for his own part, that when he found the Christian religion laying down the principle that the nature of man is corrupt and fallen from his Maker, his eyes were open to the truth of the entire system. To him Nature everywhere bore the legible confession that God was lost and forsaken both as regards man and everything besides.

What, then, shall unriddle the problem of the world? It is this—the incarnation of the Lord Jesus Christ. This shows man the greatness of his misery, in the greatness of the remedy that is demanded. One greater man must restore the broken union. A mere natural religion is altogether inoperative. Christianity both calls on man to acknowledge himself abominable, and yet commands him to aspire to the likeness of God. "Without such a counterpoise his elevation would render him fearfully vain, or his abasement hopelessly abject." The most abased of mankind have it yet in their power to become partakers of their Redeemer's grace. God alone is man's true good. The man without faith can know neither happiness nor rectitude.

Certain sections of Pascal's work are devoted to distinct subsidiary topics. Such are the Jewish nation, Miracles, the Figurative Parts of Scripture, Prophecy, Jesus Christ. The Saviour is emphatically the centre of Pascal's system. He is described as that Divine Being to whom we can draw near without pride, and before whom we can be abased without despair. He is at once the God who humbles himself to death, and the Messiah who triumphs over death. His religion is the only universal one. It is adapted to all classes, being composed partly of external observances, and partly of inward principles: the commonalty are elevated by principles; the pride of intellect is humbled by externals. From Christianity flow all the courtesies, charities, sacrifices of life. Christian love extends to one's enemies, and even the enemies of God. The Christian alone can give a beautiful welcome to happiness or suffering,

to life or death. Without abjectness he owns fellowship with the worm; without pride he asserts his union with God. In a sublime apostrophe, Pascal develops the leading principle of his work—the unriddling the riddle of life. The Eternal Wisdom of God thus pleads: "Expect not truth or consolation from man. It is I who formed you; and I alone can instruct you what and whence you are. You are not now in the state in which you were first created. I made man holy, innocent, perfect; filled him with light and intelligence; communicated to him of the glories of my nature, and the wonders of my works. His eye then gazed on the unveiled majesty of God. The shades and darkness in which he is now enveloped had not gathered round him; suffering was unknown; the solemn sentence of mortality had not gone forth. But the excess of his glory hurled him into presumption. He aimed to be the centre of himself, and to be independent of ME."

It will always be a valuable intellectual exercise to the student, to endeavour to arrange these wonderful fragments in an increasing approximation to the original order; to stretch the outlines, and fill up the details. We need scarcely say that Pascal's method can be carried out beyond the limits within which it is employed by that illustrious writer. The more, as students of mental science, we understand the complex nature and constitution of man, the more shall we recognise the marvellous adaptation of our religion to our being and our necessities, and thus derive yet other of the strongest and most striking evidences of Christianity.

APHORISMS.

1. Power of thought is the only true measure of the intellect, as force of principle is the only true measure of moral greatness.
2. Governing according to *law* and *reason*, and governing according to *will* and *pleasure*, are on earth the two most opposite forms of government; while in heaven they are nothing but two different names for one and the same thing.
3. Indolence grows on people: it begins in cobwebs, and ends in chains of iron.
4. The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.
5. If the Christian's burden be heavy, he has not far to carry it, nor long to bear it.
6. Death falls heavily upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himself.
7. We shall smile upon death, if God smiles upon us.
8. Christian graces, like the stars, shine brightest in the darkest hours.
9. Afflictions sanctified rouse the soul to prayer; and, by a spiritual chemistry, joy and peace are extracted.
10. The line which divides some Christians from the world is like a mathematical line—so narrow and so thin that no man can see it.

Memorials of Illustrious Women.

NO. II.—MRS. SHERWOOD—concluded.

ADVANCING on the journey, the travellers were met by the late Bishop of Madras, then Dr. Corrie, of whom Mrs. Sherwood speaks in terms of the utmost reverence and affection. Referring to this first interview, she says:—

God, in his infinite mercy, though we knew it not, was beginning to lead us out from worldly society into that of his chosen and most beloved children in India. He hitherto hedged our way with sharp thorns, but he was preparing the roses, which, after a little while, were to render the last few years of our residence in the East as happy as human beings can be in the present state of existence.

At Cawnpore, urged to fresh exertions by these new friends, she assembled her school, and worked very hard with the children:—

I generally heard four classes; one of great boys, another of the elder girls, and two of the younger children. Many of the first set died before we left India; some of the elder girls died, others were married, and some proved their affection to me in after life.

In addition, she took the charge of two little orphan girls, whom she adopted, beside caring for many other little forlorn babies, left to perish but for her help. Wherever an infant sufferer appealed to her compassion, she seems to have been always ready, with tender, womanly sympathy and love, to succour and pity. Nor was she idle with her pen; she prepared a set of questions, with verses attached to them; her "Infant Pilgrim," a kind of Indian Pilgrim's Progress; and others for the use of children. Some of these labours were interrupted by the hot season. For instance, the daily school was of necessity suspended, but there was in consequence more leisure for books and work. The diary contains a very graphic picture of the mode of existence of an English family during the prevalence of the hot winds in India:—

Every outer door of the house and every window is closed; all the interior doors and venetians are, however, open, whilst most of the private apartments are shut in by drop-curtains or screens of grass, looking like fine wire-work, partially covered with green silk. The hall, which never has any other than borrowed lights in any bungalow, is always in the centre of the house; and ours at Cawnpore had a large room on each side of it, with baths and sleeping-rooms. I always sat in the hall, generally on a sofa, with my writing materials about me; for I used to write as long as I could bear the exertion, and then I rested on my sofa and read. In another part of the hall was Mr. Sherwood, engaged with his accounts, &c.; in one of the side rooms Sergeant Clarke, a most worthy and methodical person, busy about his occupations; in another apartment the orphans, with their toys; and beside them sat their attendant, alleviating her pain, and enjoying a state of perfect apathy. Thus did our mornings pass, while we sat in almost darkness, hearing no sound but the monotonous click, click of the punkah, or the melancholy moaning of the burning blast without, with the splash and dripping of the water thrown over the tatties (screens of grass). At one o'clock tiffin was served—a hot meal, consisting always of curry and a variety of vegetables—after which all lay down for a time. At four we had coffee brought, which all found very refreshing. We then bathed and dressed, and at sunset, the wind generally falling, the tatties were removed, the doors and windows of the house were opened, and we either took an airing in carriages or sat in the verandah; but the evenings and nights of the hot wind brought no refreshment.

One morning, as they sat in the manner above described, the desert winds blowing like fire with-

out, they suddenly heard the quick steps of many bearers, announcing an arrival. It was Mr. Martyn, who, the moment after he entered fell down in a fainting fit, having journeyed for two days and nights in his palanquin, exposed to the raging heat of the fiery wind. He remained for some time as the guest of the Sherwoods, and then established himself in a bungalow of his own. Very ill he continued for a day or two, but so soon as he revived he was quite cheerful, and soon began to resume his studies. When his illness had passed off he sang a great deal, for he had a remarkably fine voice and ear, and knew many fine chants, and a variety of hymns and psalms. His delight was to pet the children and to listen to Mrs. Sherwood as she sang the simple airs of his dear native land. Many are the interesting passages contained in the diary relative to this most holy and self-devoted being, which we would gladly transcribe, did our limits permit; but it is necessary to go on with the personal history of Mrs. Sherwood, who, just about this time, again became a mother. She tells the following curious incident in connection with the birth of this child:—

A few days after the birth of my second Lucy (she had buried the infant born just before her little boy's death), towards the dusk of the evening, the mosquito curtains having been removed in order that I might be the cooler, and being alone with my baby, an enormous bat, as large as an owl, came and sat on the bar at the foot of the bed, its round eyes settled upon me. For some time I could not make any one hear, and was forced to lie still, with the eyes of this ill-omened creature fixed upon me, which, I acknowledge, frightened me not a little.

Painfully impressed with the idea that this child would follow the others to the grave unless it were taken to England, Mrs. Sherwood determined, in the year 1810, to leave her husband and make the voyage home with her baby. Preparations were accordingly made, and she arrived at Calcutta on the 28th of November; but there she was induced to change her purpose, and to return to Cawnpore. While sojourning awhile at Calcutta, she enjoyed the society of Mr. Thomason, Mr. David Browne, and other religious persons, of whom she thus speaks:—

I have never seen in any body of Christians such full and perfect reliance upon the Divine will as was evinced in this little church of the children of the Holy One. . . . On Sunday we had two services, and when I say it was nearly five years since we had heard a church bell, or seen a church, it may be imagined what our feelings were on this occasion.

Returned to Cawnpore, she resumed her former engagements, and commenced writing that charming story, "Little Henry and his Bearer," "for I was thinking," she says, "much of the poor natives of India, and their religious necessities." Very precious was the intercourse now renewed with Mr. Martyn, so soon, alas! to terminate, by his departure for Persia.

Few were the evenings which we did not spend with one or other of these excellent men (Martyn and Corrie). Our party consisted of some young officers who were almost always with us; a few poor, pious soldiers; some orphans of the barracks, and a number of our former pupils. We had service in the church bungalow, and afterwards went to the house and had supper, generally concluding with a hymn. Mr. Martyn's principal favourite hymns were "The God of Abraham praise," and "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness." I remember to this hour the spirit of hope and joy with which we were wont to sing the last. On such occasions all languor was forgotten, and every heart

glowed with holy hope. We often went, too, on the Sunday evenings, to hear the addresses of Mr. Martyn to the assembly of mendicants; and we generally stood behind him on the cherbuter. On these occasions we had to make our way through a dense crowd, with a temperature often rising above 92°, whilst the sun poured its burning rays upon us through a lurid haze of dust. Frightful were the objects which usually met our eyes in this crowd: so many monstrous and diseased limbs, and hideous faces were displayed and pushed forward for our inspection, that I often made my way to the cherbuter with my eyes shut, whilst Mr. Sherwood led me. I still imagine that I hear the calm, distinct, and musical tones of Henry Martyn, as he stood, raised above the people, endeavouring, by showing the purity of the Divine law, to convince the unbelievers that by their works they were all condemned, and, therefore, needed a Saviour who was able and willing to redeem them. From time to time low murmurs and curses would arise in the distance, and then roll forward till they became so loud as to drown the voice of this pious one; generally concluding with hisses and fierce cries. But when the storm passed away, again he might be heard going on where he had left off, in the same calm, steadfast tone, as if he were incapable of irritation from the interruption.

What a charming family picture is here drawn!—

We spent some hours every morning, during the early part of the month of September, in taking short voyages on the river; Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Martyn, and Mr. Corrie hired a pinnace, and we furnished it with a sofa and a few chairs and tables. The children went with us, and their attendants. Mr. Martyn sent a quantity of books, and used to take possession of the sofa, with all his books about him. The nurses sat on the floor of the inner room, and the rest of us in the outer. I well remember some of the manoeuvres of little Lucy at that time, who had just acquired the power of moving about independently of a guiding hand; by this independence she always used to make her way to Mr. Martyn, when he was by any means approachable. On one occasion, I remember seeing the little one, with her grave, yet placid countenance, her silken hair, and shoeless feet, step out of the inner room of the pinnace with a little mora, which she set by Mr. Martyn's couch, then mounting on it, she got upon the sofa, which was low, and next seated herself on his huge lexicon. Soon weary of this seat, she moved to Mr. Martyn's knee, and there she remained, now and then taking his book from him, and pretending to read; but he would not have her removed, for, as he said, she had taken her position with him, and must on no account be sent from him. Little Annie, in the meantime, had more than she could do to keep herself safe and blameless—neat and clean; a pretty anxiety ever manifested itself on her small face, lest we should be oversteer, or some one should tumble out of the window. But, oh! how dear, in their different ways, were all these little ones to Mr. Corrie, climbing about him, leaning upon him, laughing at all his innocent jests. Sweet, most sweet, is the remembrance of those excursions on the Ganges, and such they must continue ever, till memory's power shall pass away!

It was a great joy to the little godly company at Cawnpore when a church was actually completed and opened. This event took place the Sunday preceding Mr. Martyn's departure from Cawnpore—a sorrowful incident, full of melancholy forebodings on the part of all his friends, and too soon realised in his death at Tocat, shortly after. When he had left, Mrs. Sherwood worked with still great earnestness in her school, which, with one sort and another—as she says—half-caste children in addition to the rest, grew to be a very large and laborious undertaking. Her maternal duties multiplied also; and a fifth child was added to the family; “more beautiful, but very like, the first precious Lucy.” This infant was baptised by Mr. Corrie, who named it, after his own pleasure, Emily. A new nurse was, of course, required, and this made six black women, whose sole business it was to fan the children, shampoo them if they were restless, and tell them stories, “some of

which dealt in marvels as great as those recorded in the ‘Thousand and One Nights.’” On the removal of Mr. Corrie, plans were formed for the continuance of the Hindostanee service, which Mr. Sherwood undertook himself to conduct twice a week. But the trumpet soon sounded for war, and five companies of the 53rd were ordered to take the field against some forts to the westward. Happily, this service was successfully accomplished, and the husband and father returned in safety to those whom he had left full of anxiety behind.

At length, an order for their removal to Meerut was received from Sir George Nugent, Commander-in-Chief. On their arrival at that place, they found their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, and a barn-like house for religious worship, in which Divine service was held during their residence there. An order from the Duke of York, requiring the appointment of a schoolmaster, also arrived very opportunely, as it freed Mrs. Sherwood from much anxiety respecting the native schools. These events occurred in the year 1812, during the last month of which there occurred a most terrible *touffan*, or sand-storm, which is thus described:—

The appearance of the approaching storm, some minutes before it reached us, was that of a dense wall, rising from the plain to the mid-heavens, advancing steadily forward, whilst the light of day fled before it, and the breath of every living thing was affected with a sense of suffocation. Presently, the whole air became like one immense cloud of dust, but without wind of any consequence. Suddenly it became dark; I never saw a night so dark. In about a minute the light again appeared; but its appearance through the floating sand was like that of an intense flame—a lurid and fearful glare. One would have thought that the whole surrounding country was in flames. There was not an article in the house which was not covered with some inches of sand when the storm was passed. After this *dry* shower we had rain, and we were subject for some days afterwards to violent squalls, which had power to turn up the thatch of the bungalow like the feathers of a Friesland hen.

In the summer of 1813, another son was added to the family of the Sherwoods, whom they named, in loving remembrance of their lost friend, Henry Martyn. He was baptised by Mr. Corrie, who was soon afterwards obliged to leave for England, his health beginning to fail. The Sherwoods were longing to see again their native land, but were, for a season, delayed by further wars which broke out in the Himalaya Mountains, attended with various disasters, and fatal to several of the brave soldiers of the 53rd. It was a time of much anxiety to Mrs. Sherwood, who was left, with a number of defenceless women and children, at Meerut, in the midst of a lawless and unsettled district, with frequent alarms, which were not much relieved by the appointment of a guard of native soldiers, sent by that extraordinary woman, the Begum Sumroo, for her security. With dauntless courage and calm serenity, she was enabled, during her husband's protracted absence, to govern her household, consisting of three children of her own, two orphans, and three other infants, the care of whom she had undertaken. The management of the native servants formed no small part of her care, and she gives an amusing instance in point, illustrative at once of the character of the women she had to manage, and of her own.

On the great day of the Mohurram (the grand annual festivity of the Mahometans), the 23rd December, the Dhayes wanted the liberty to go out, which I refused. I thought

that I had carried my point, as they all seemed to submit quietly, when, in the middle of the night, I heard a child scream loudly. I was up in a moment, and went into a closed verandah where the native baby and its nurse always slept. I found the woman sitting on her bedstead, the very image of sullen stupidity, whilst the black baby was lying, with his face downwards, on the cold chunam floor; his mother and the other women were up, looking on and expostulating. I came forward, in high indignation, and asked what all this meant, ordering the woman to take the infant up. She did not stir. On my repeating my commands, she muttered, "Why did you not let me go to the Mohurum then?" I used to wonder at what is said of Queen Elizabeth, that she boxed the ears of her maids of honour, but I wonder no longer. I used argument: it was useless; so I followed the example of the royal lady, and then, so able were my arguments, that the nurse caught up the baby, and found the proper means of quieting him instantly; and from that time gave me no further trouble.

After a prolonged absence, Mr. Sherwood returned to Meerut, and three weeks later his wife presented him with another daughter, who survived to edit her mother's autobiography, and to be the comfort of her declining years. Shortly after this event, a curious scene is related, giving a graphic picture of an Indian female potentate. The Begum Sumroo came to Meerut, and set up her tents near the military quarters. She intimated a wish to be visited by the ladies, who, of course, paid their respects, accompanied by the children.

We were ushered into the principal tent, where sat her highness on a musnud, her shrivelled person being almost lost in Cashmere shawls and immense cushions. Having exchanged bows and salaams in due form, and chairs being offered, the Begum addressed the children, all of whom answered very correctly, except the youngest of my little girls. Emily was the very specimen of a delicate and beautiful little English girl, such as the Begum had not probably often seen, and she seemed resolved to make her speak. At first she began gently and soothingly, but not a word would the little one reply, till the Begum said, "I suspect you have no tongue." "I have," she answered. "It is good for nothing, then," said the old lady; "I will have it cut out, and given to the crows." The child reddened, and stamped with her foot, and called the Begum "a naughty wicked beebec." The old lady laughed, and the poor slaves echoed her laugh; but I was glad to get the child away, though she expressed no fear.

A pleasing short entry follows just after the above narrative:—

I saw our own guard of the Begum's Sepoys this week were reading Persian, and I sent a St. Matthew's Gospel to one, and a St. Mark's Gospel to the other.

Thus did this good woman scatter the seed of the Word, in season and out of season, setting an example of the duty she urged upon others:—"Parents, guardians, teachers, of all classes and descriptions, to you, I say, Labour diligently, be not discouraged, and trust in the Lord with all your heart."

The time soon arrived when Mr. Sherwood obtained leave to visit England, and the preparations for departure were made with various conflicting feelings. Between nine and ten years had been passed in India, and many endearing friendships and fond associations were connected with that land; but these were counterbalanced by the yearnings after home, and anxiety about the health of the children made every regret comparatively light. It was, indeed, a frail tenure by which they held their little lives; even on the voyage down the Ganges, the deadly miasma brought sickness into the nursery, and the baby was seized with the terrible fever. They thought she would die.

And here (says the diary) I must say one word on the wonderful love and devotion of the Indian bearer of my baby (for she had not at that time a black nurse). For one long weary night did Jevan, kneeling beside the cot whereon she lay, watch, with unfeigned interest, the critical moment when the disorder would turn. He it was who waited on her as the tenderest mother; and never shall I forget his soft, musical cry of, "Baba gee, baba gee" (baby lives), which he uttered as the dreadful symptoms of fever passed one by one away, and gentle sleep prevailed.

Of the long sea-voyage to England nothing is recorded by Mrs. Sherwood, saving that they had an awful storm, which had scarcely passed away before a black ayah on board made an attempt to entice the two little ones, by drawing the figure of some Hindoo god on the deck, and making *poojah* (worship) to it, to get the children to do the same. The mother found them bowing and bending before the grim figure, and was much shocked. This little incident shows the many and insidious forms of danger attendant upon the bringing up children in heathen countries.

After reaching England in safety, Captain and Mrs. Sherwood travelled to Snedshill, in Shropshire, where Mrs. Sherwood found her sister, married to the Rev. C. Cameron, and also her eldest daughter, Mary, now a great girl, whom she had left an infant, and her mother, who was in very infirm health, and did not long survive. A house was taken at Worcester, in which the family settled, and where—Captain Sherwood having determined to give up his commission—they thought it would be desirable to add to their income by taking a few pupils to educate with their own family.

In this home (says Mrs. Sherwood) I spent many and many a happy year of my life; the very happiest I have ever known; for I was surrounded by a joyous and blooming circle of young people, and enjoyed the companionship of a kind and pious husband. I dearly loved the society of young folks; and I have had orphans dependent on me for support in England as in India, as well as beloved pupils intrusted to my care.

Yet she was not without sorrows and bereavements; another little one was born, to breathe but a few months and die; and much anxiety was experienced on account of the delicate health of the children who had lived in India, and for their benefit it was determined to go abroad. We must not attempt to follow the various domestic incidents which fill up the remaining portions of the autobiography, but content ourselves with knowing that, as she grew older, and her life presented less of excitement and change, she was able to say, "Like the uneventful periods of history, these uneventful years are doubtless the happiest of times."

One incident of much interest is thus related:—

It was when my three elder daughters were just advancing to womanhood that we had an invitation from Major M'Caskill to visit our beloved 53rd Regiment, then stationed at Weedon Barracks. We found our friends residing in large and elegant quarters in the same building as the colonel, and we were most warmly welcomed and hospitably received. On the Friday, in passing through the hall, I found it half filled with officers, and as many as eight members of the band, all waiting to see me. The youths stood together, and as I went up to them, they gathered round me and formed a circle, their eyes sparkling with pleasure. For an instant I knew not one of them, but soon I recognised in them the babes I had nursed, and dressed, and lulled to sleep, and the boys I had taught while yet scarcely able to lip their letters. They were all fine, tall, full-grown military men; one of the finest among them came forward and told me he was "William Coleman." The rest followed; not one of them had even one parent. I

cannot say what I felt, but I own I was relieved when the meeting was over, and I could retire to weep and pray for my orphan boys. Such a minute is worth many, many petty annoyances. How gratified was I to hear the most favourable account of these youths, and that they did credit to the very great care that had been bestowed upon them!

We must hasten to the closing scenes of Mrs. Sherwood's long and useful life. Amid domestic joys and sorrows—the deaths of some of her children, and the marriages of others—she advanced along the declining path cheerful, active, happy, and making others happy to the end. As she dropped, one by one, her sweet flowers, and felt with a pang that life was losing its attractions, she looked up with hopeful anticipation to that world where

Everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;

and thus she expressed the emotions of her heart:

I have now learned to be alone; to sit often solitary; to miss the voices of my beloved children; to think of them scattered and changed, so that on earth they can never be again to me what they once were. I am, however, *happy*; because, though I have no hopes of increasing our enjoyments in this present life, I look, I trust, more steadily to a reunion with them in our Saviour above. But I was to be brought to this; and thrice blessed are those whose hopes, being uprooted from the clay, are elevated to where there can be no change—no winter of darkness after the summer light of truth, no cloud to obscure the brightness of the eternal sun; for we shall no more need its rainbow of promise. Glory be to that God in whom we have this assurance!

She died in the autumn of 1851, having survived her husband two years. Two of her daughters stood by her death-bed to receive her last words of tenderness. Just before she expired, she said, "Remember this, my children, that God is love. 'He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.' These were her last intelligible words—meet termination to a life like hers, animated by the impulses of a heartfelt love to God and man.

Youths' Department.

THE HOSPICE OF THE GRIMSEL.

A TRUE STORY.

SOMETIMES one is tempted to think that, in a very primitive state of society, in some deep, sequestered scene, among very honest and simple-minded people, there may be an exemption from temptation and crime. A little inquiry would speedily undeceive us of such an idea. We are a fallen race, and the trail of the serpent is everywhere to be found. Crime may lurk behind the most reverend aspect, and the most candid eyes. I remember once being invited to dinner at the country house of a London merchant. I was very greatly struck by the mildness of his aspect, his winning manners, his look of sweetness and benevolence. The next thing I heard of him was, that he was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude for a course of fraud and forgery, accompanied by very aggravating circumstances.

Everybody liked old Zybach. He was the landlord who kept the Grimsel Hospice. The Grimsel Pass is in the wildest and sternest part of Switzerland. It is less like Switzerland than like Greenland or Spitzbergen. The traveller reaches it through traversing a vast forest of fir, and passes

by the tremendous waterfall of the river Aar, tossing down an unbroken, glassy sheet into a foaming abyss. Then he comes into a higher, colder tract, where all vegetation ceases: first the bushes, then the rank grass, then the lichen. Then you come to the sterile granite rocks, broken and precipitous, where, even in the height of summer, patches of snow lie about unmelted, and browsing goats eagerly devour the strips of moss and grass found between the crevices. Hard by is a black tarn, or lake, in which no fish can live. Here there is a homely Inn called the Hospice of the Grimsel. Originally it was a convent, and after the Reformation it was still supported by the neighbouring communities, to give food and shelter to the wandering poor, and to those who were obliged to travel in tempestuous weather. But in the summer season crowds of travellers and tourists assemble here, and the place is kept as an inn of open and convenient entertainment to all.

This, then, is the Grimsel Hospice. It is many miles removed from any human habitation. It stands six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It has heavy windows, that the cold might not pierce through. It was built with rough, massive masonry, that the weight of the snow might not crush it down. It is situated in a rocky hollow, surrounded by barren slopes and dangerous precipices. An innkeeper rents it from March to November. The place is then gay with tourists; but in the winter everything is utterly desolate, and the landlord himself goes away. A single servant is left there, with sufficient provisions to last him during the winter. He is also furnished with two dogs, to watch for the approach of the wandering wayfarer. But even in the dead of the winter the inhabitants of the adjacent valleys occasionally meet there, that they may barter and exchange their several productions.

Everybody, I say, liked old Zybach, who was the landlord. They liked old Zybach's daughter, and they liked old Zybach's cheer. He was upwards of sixty years of age; hale, kindly, cheerful, honest-looking. He had many friends; he was blessed in his family, and he was prosperous in his business. But the wretched man had a greed for gold. Every period of life has its besetting temptation, and covetousness is often the old man's sin. He was dissatisfied with the inn. He wished it was larger, to accommodate the increasing crowd of summer tourists. How happy he would be if any lucky accident would destroy it! Of course, the canton would rebuild it for their tenant at the public expense, and it would be built exactly as he wished. For instance, a lucky conflagration: such things, we know, do from time to time happen. He would not mind it on any account, not he, for he was very well insured. And so beneath that seeming honesty, that open countenance, there lurked an unholy thought, which ripened onwards into a black, unholy deed.

Down in the valley is the beautiful town of Meyringen. It commands a view far up the height of the Hospital of the Grimsel. One winter evening a party was assembled in one of the inns. Old Zybach was there, and an aged man who had long been his servant. They had trudged in that day from the Hospice. The family of the landlord were away as usual, but Zybach had gone up to the place to bring his old servant down to Meyringen for a

day or two's change. The conversation was brisk enough. Many talked to the old servant man, and reminded him of a memorable passage in the history of the Hospice in which he had been concerned.

The conversation related to the former destruction of the Hospice by the fall of an avalanche some twelve years before.

"I mind it well," said the old serving-man. "It was towards the end of March, and would be Lady's Day in a day or two. I was thinking it would be none so lonesome soon, when the master and his sons and the young ladies would be back. So with a good heart I made up the fire with logs, and sat down for another lonely night. I had only one dog then, but he was neighbour-like, you see; when all of a sudden I heard a curious sighing noise, as of a human creature hard set. I felt a shudder all over me, and the poor beastie of a dog jumped up and licked my hand, and seemed very uncomfortable.

"I listened, and again heard the sighing, wailing, horrifying sound. So I went out of doors. Some snow had fallen, but it was now a clear starlight night. So I looked about, but saw and heard nothing. Again when I was sitting over the fire I heard the strange sound, and could not rest till I went out of doors to search about. The snow was now coming down violently, and nearly blinded me; with difficulty I made head against it. It was soon lying very deep on the ground. I felt I was becoming confused and would soon be unable to find my way back. I returned and rested uneasily that night.

"The next morning a trader from Hasli came up. I was surprised that he came such bad weather, but was heartily glad to see him. We heard the sound again. My companion shuddered when he heard it. He told me that he knew it well, that it was no human sound, but a warning noise prophetic of distress. Then I remembered all I had heard of such noises being heard before the crash of the avalanche.

"The trader was gone, and I had descended into a lower room. Suddenly there was an awful crash. A huge mass, with enormous weight and velocity, burst down upon the Hospice. Then I heard the sound of the crashing roof, the cracking rafters, the tottering walls. Then came a choking, suffocating feeling. I knew full well what was the matter. I was buried beneath a mountain of snow. I expected every minute that the snow would sink lower and destroy me. Presently I found out that though it had broken through the house and filled all the other rooms, the bottom apartment, where I was, would be safe. To my joy, I found the old doggie all safe beside me. Happily, also, there was a shovel and pickaxe. I seized them at once and set to work, and, thank God! worked my way through."

So the old man told the story of his wonderful escape from the avalanche which engulfed the Grimsel fourteen years before the night of which we are writing. It is a true story, which is still well remembered throughout Switzerland.

"And the first place I came to," continued the old man, "was this very inn, and yonder is the Hospice, repaired and looking as good as new."

Immediately the company turned round and looked in the direction of the Hospice. Zybach, the landlord, was at the window, steadfastly regarding it.

There was a quivering of the lip, an eagerness of the eye, a restlessness of gesture, which forcibly struck two or three of the persons present. "Yes, yes, it must be so," he was half muttering to himself.

"Is there not something peculiar in the appearance of the sky in the direction of the Hospice to-night?" said an acute-looking farmer who was present.

There was certainly something red and lowering in the sky. One said it was the snow, perhaps. Another said it was possible it might be the Aurora Borealis. One or two looked inquiringly at Zybach.

"I will tell you what it is," said Zybach, slowly; "the Hospice is on fire."

"That is very unlikely," said one. All of them agreed that it was very unlikely. A fire in that region of ice and snow!—a fire in that now uninhabited and deserted spot! Still, as they gazed in the direction of the Hospice, a fire was the only thing that could account for the appearance. It was now too late, and the road was too dangerous for anything to be done that night. It was agreed that a party should start off the first thing in the morning.

The sight had been seen by others. The poor villagers of the Hasli and Valais had seen it, and discerned clearly that it was a fire. They anticipated the Meyringen party by arriving first on the spot. They put out the smouldering fire, and searched everywhere among the *débris* for any articles of value which might have escaped the flames, but found none. Something, however, they found, not on the scene of the fire, that was highly curious and important.

There was a cairn of stones about twenty yards from the house. Something in its appearance had attracted the attention of one of the Valais party. It looked a little too regular to be the result of accident. Some one went up to it and carefully removed the stones.

It was certainly a curious sight. There lay parcels and packages most symmetrically arranged. A good collection of cutlery, some specimens of the better kind of earthenware, household linen, white as snow, a timepiece and watch, a variety of other articles; in short, it was a regular treasure trove. Who could have put them there? Could it have been a thief, who had first robbed the Hospice and then set fire to it? But what reason could a thief have for adding arson to robbery? Then a darker suspicion arose. Was it possible that it could have been the landlord, the aged, kind-hearted, respectable Zybach?

Soon the Valais peasants saw the Meyringen party approaching. They had been on the lookout for them, knowing that the fire would be noticed, and that at dawn there would surely be help. Zybach was at their head.

All doubt was at an end. It had certainly been a fire, and a very bad one. It had burned everything combustible, and was only stopped by the thickness of the walls. All the landlord's best effects were destroyed. Every one commiserated his unhappy case.

"Never mind, friend Zybach," said a Meyringen magistrate who was present; "the canton will build you a larger and better hospice. Besides, the building is insured, is it not?"

"Yes," said Zybach.

"You might have insured your property at the same time—perhaps you did?"

"Oh, yes," said Zybach, "I was obliged to do so, in justice to myself. I had a number of valuable articles, household linen, cutlery, plates—"

"Oh, here they are, Zybach—here they all are!" exclaimed one of the Valais peasants. "We have found all the things—at least, the best—hidden beneath this heap of stones."

"How is this, Zybach?" said the Meyringen magistrate. "Your house burnt down, and your property secreted! Do you know anything about this?"

The people flocked together around Zybach, some with threatening, and all with eager, looks.

The unhappy man felt the full peril of his position. All his self-possession forsook him. He burst into tears, and fell on his knees, when confronted with the evidence of his crime.

"Oh, good friends! oh, dear friends! Have mercy upon me. I am a miserable old man. I did it—yes, I did it. It was the devil tempted me. Have mercy on me, and do not be hard on an old man."

"Tie his wrists with a rope," said the magistrate, surveying Zybach's burly form, "and conduct him to the gaol."

Yes, the unhappy landlord of the Hospice had committed this grievous crime. He had burnt the place down, expecting that a larger and handsomer one would be built for him. His effects were also insured, but he had secreted the most valuable of these, thus hoping to make a further nefarious gain.

I will only add that he was sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years, which, at his age, amounted to imprisonment for life. Perhaps, however, this was not the worst part of his penalty. If ambition and the love of gain led him to sin, it was worse for his family than for himself—for the stalwart young men and the fair girls—as he had now caused them ruin, unhappiness, and disgrace. When a man meditates sin, he should think how many he involves in his own degradation.

This story is true in all the main particulars, although, as there is some uncertainty about some of the facts, I may not have grouped them quite accurately. At the present moment, I believe, Zybach is expiating his sentence. Let us trust that, after all, his detection may prove the happiest thing for him; that, though late, he may find pardon, and, even in this life, peace.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

LET not soft slumber close my eyes,
Ere I have recollected thrice,
The train of actions through the day.
Where have my feet marked out their way?
What have I learnt where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the ways
That lead to wisdom and to God!

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND THE ROMISH CHURCH.

WHEN deep thinking men contemplate the political or the religious condition of a nation, they naturally seek to trace the prevailing state of affairs to the causes by which it was produced. While thus searching for the primary movement in the political or moral machinery, they perceive that very important results are often undesigned and unexpected. Men, to obtain some object which they had in view, have set in motion a power that they were afterwards unable to control; and from this ungovernable power unlooked-for events have arisen. The extraordinary man whom the French with millions of voices have elected as their chief, appears to be impeded in his movements by the unwise and self-willed exercise of a power which he only could himself confer, and which is now exercised in a manner foreign to the object for which it was bestowed. It may therefore with truth be affirmed, even of this shrewd and far-seeing Emperor, there is a power near the throne greater than the throne itself, and the policy of the monarch is counteracted and stultified by the pertinacity and religious infatuation of the personage invited to a share of the imperial honours; and men begin to ask themselves what result, in a religious point of view, may be expected in England and in France if this counteracting influence be not restrained. The infatuated devotion and the unbounded liberality of the present Empress of the French to the Papal authority is productive of the gravest evils to the cause of civil and religious liberty. That our readers may judge for themselves how far the Empress Eugénie is under the influence of the Pontiff of Rome, we submit the following graphic sketch from the pen of a foreign writer:—

"Napoleon III. espoused the daughter of the Countess de Montijo as a matter of profound policy. He reviewed the career of the Great Napoleon, and marked the success which had attended his spouse Josephine; how she had won adherents to her husband's cause by her grace and beauty; how those haughty and noble families which had obstinately held aloof from the splendid adventurer gave way before the fascinations of the lovely, accomplished Josephine, and finally ranged themselves among the supporters of the Emperor. He reflected upon the fact that all his endeavours to obtain a consort among the princely families of Europe had utterly failed; and then he said to himself, 'I will make this beautiful woman my Empress; she shall share my throne.' Her influence shall be firmly established; her amiable and gentle rule shall be felt throughout France, and this influence will go far to strengthen my power."

"So the Emperor espoused Mademoiselle de Montijo, after having won the sympathies of the people for this union by issuing a proclamation to them, in which he stated that he, their Emperor, 'desired to enjoy the privilege which they one and all possessed—that is, to marry the woman of his choice.' He dwelt upon the fact that his councillors desired him to espouse some royal princess, but he loved the woman he was about to marry, and he appealed to the people to support him in his course. He knew beforehand how unanimous would be their verdict in his favour."

"Then began Eugénie's reign as the dispenser of all the court charities, and doer of all kindly actions. Through her were obtained all pardons; by her intercessions amnesties were proclaimed; she erected hospitals, endowed asylums, and founded institutions for the education of the poorer classes. She requested and obtained sums to build churches and cathedrals. She procured grants from the Government for the building of branch railroads; she petitioned the Emperor for the improvement of docks and harbours, and for the erec-

tion of city-halls in different towns all over the Empire. In fact, her name became associated with all that denoted civilisation, progress, and peace. Ere long she was known throughout France as the kind, the charitable, the amiable Empress.

"Then came another phase in the career of Eugénie. Her hold upon the people as a benevolent sovereign was firmly fixed; she was now to appear in another light. It was rumoured that the trades which depend upon the *beau monde* for patronage were languishing. The Empress expressed her determination to come to their aid; and she at once began a series of grand court balls, of state concerts, of dinners of ceremony. She attended all the operas, went to all the theatres. She entered upon an unceasing round of gaieties. She requested that all the ministers of the court, as well as the grand officers of her own and the Emperor's household, should give grand entertainments, and Paris forthwith rushed madly into dissipation. The Empress set the example of dressing with hitherto unattempted splendour; and from that day to this the trades above referred to have had no complaint to make as regards lack of employment. Eugénie became the undoubted, the unrivalled Empress of Fashion's realm, and she delightedly revelled in her power.

"Napoleon found his Empress fully and ably aiding to establish his hold upon the French people, and he determined that he would exhibit her to those of his subjects who had not yet seen her. So he made a grand tour through the northern provinces of the Empire, and was received—himself and his consort—with their retinue, in the most enthusiastic manner. The success of this voyage caused Napoleon to undertake another, but on a much grander scale of magnificence. He determined to visit Brittany, that stronghold of legitimacy, where the people were in the habit of shouting '*Vive Henri V.*,' and where the men all wore white cockades. For months before the tour began the Prefects through Brittany were instructed to make known the most crying necessities of their departments, and these necessities were, in the name of the Empress, fully satisfied. At length the date chosen for the Imperial voyage arrived, and on a bright summer morning their Majesties, with a magnificent suite, left Paris for Cherbourg, from whence they were to sail for Brest.

"Napoleon had requested a visit from Queen Victoria at Cherbourg, and the Queen of England duly came to give *salut* to the ceremonies which took place at that town. Eugénie was seen upon that occasion riding in the same state carriage with her Majesty Queen Victoria; and the French people shouted '*Vive l'Impératrice!*' with lusty lungs and intense satisfaction.

"From Cherbourg to Brest the Imperial party was transported on the magnificent war steamer, *La Bretagne*. During the voyage (which lasted twenty-four hours) three decrees, granting increased pay, promotions, and other favours to French seamen, were signalled to the escorts of the vessel bearing their Majesties, and these decrees, it was specially announced, were issued by the Emperor at the request of the Empress Eugénie. The Imperial couple had scarcely landed at Brest ere this fact was known over all France. The writer had the good fortune to accompany the Imperial party on this tour, and therefore speaks of these matters from personal observation. The stay at Brest was a continual ovation. Hundreds of the miserable inmates of the *Bagnes*, that dreaded prison, were liberated by intercession of her Majesty. Others had their term of imprisonment shortened. On all sides arose loud and sincere praises of Eugénie.

"Then began the trip into Brittany. The country was unprovided with railroads, and their Majesties and suite travelled by post; but this in an imperial manner, in gala carriages emblazoned with the arms of the Empire,

and resplendent with gold, satin, and lace. The period of this first visit was well chosen. The inhabitants of the province are superstitious to a degree, and all over Brittany you find sacred caves, fountains, churches erected upon consecrated spots, places where wonderful miracles were once performed, as the peasants inform you with great earnestness and sincerity. To the most renowned of these venerated spots their Majesties were to make a pilgrimage. The Prefects had, long before the date of the tour, informed the Brétons that the Empress was coming to the shrine of St. Anne d'Auray, to pray for the future welfare and prosperity of her only child, the Prince Imperial, and all the hearts of Brittany's mothers beat in unison with the Empress's proclaimed desire. Her cause was thus half won ere she entered the province. At eight in the morning of a bright sunshiny day the Imperial cortège left Brest.

Ere it had reached a league from the city a swarm of Breton peasants, in their picturesque holiday attire, mounted on the sturdy ponies of that region, had formed an escort to their Majesties, and at the top of their horses' speed they raced on beside the dashing and magnificently accoutred thorough-breeds, which were drawing the half hundred carriages containing the Imperial party. Loud and continued cheers rent the air, while the peasants pressed eagerly forward to gaze at the Empress as she leaned out of the carriage window, kissing her hand to one and all. The universal cry was, 'Long live the Empress!' The Emperor was overlooked; all eyes were bent on that beautiful woman, whose face was suffused with a glow of pleased surprise, of gratified ambition.

"The service at St. Anne d'Auray was a most impressive one. The archbishop went through the grand ceremonies of the Catholic Church in the open space in front of the little building dedicated to St. Anne. The church itself never could have contained one-tenth of the people assembled to witness that mass. Over one hundred thousand Brétons, men, women, and children, were kneeling there in profound and sincere worship. As the venerable prelate called upon the Almighty to bless and preserve the Empress and her son, a murmur of heartfelt assent swept through the assembled crowd. At the termination of the mass, drums rolled, trumpets sounded, swords clanged, while the loud booming of cannon lent additional solemnity to this stirring scene. I was gazing with wonder at the recipients of all this incense, and was reflecting with admiration on the grandeur of their position, when suddenly I observed a gleam of uncontrollable joy and satisfaction flit across the usually calm features of the Emperor. 'See! see!' said he, grasping the arm of his wife; '*ils sont à nous!*' Every man, woman, and child present had donned a tri-coloured cockade. Brittany was won to Napoleon, and all through the power and influence of his gentle consort's loveliness and beauty.

"Years passed by, and Eugénie rose in popularity and influence. Then came the Italian campaign; and ere Napoleon III. left France to gain the rapid succession of victories which freed Italy from the Hapsburg, and covered the arms of France with glory, he issued a decree naming the Empress 'Regente of the Empire.' She was to govern absolutely in his absence; to preside at councils of ministers; to administer, in fact, the destinies of the country. The Empress had now reached the pinnacle of her career. Napoleon came back a victor to France.

"A short period elapsed, and then began the struggles of the Italians for entire freedom, for unfettered unity. This the Emperor opposed; he had other designs for Italy. His incomprehensible policy, his apparent hostility both to the Pope and to the Italians, made him enemies on each side; and, in a moment of anger and annoyance, he declared he would put down the power

of the clergy in France. When this design became apparent, the priests flocked around Eugénie; they besought her aid and influence; they obtained both. She pronounced her sympathies in favour of the Church, and at once found herself in antagonism with her husband. She did not falter for a moment. Giddy with power, placed high on the pedestal he had so diligently reared for her, she made a determined stand; and then began a struggle between the Emperor and the Empress.

"In her excitement she pushed herself so far athwart the plans of Napoleon as to cause serious outbreaks between them. On one occasion she left France and travelled through England and Scotland. She went without her husband's consent—in direct opposition, in fact, to his wishes—but still she went. He did not prevent her leaving France—*les convenances* would have suffered thereby, and the people would have known that discord reigned in the Imperial household. Eugénie remained absent some weeks, and then returned, as she went, unbidden.

"About this time the affairs of the country became much embarrassed, and M. Fould, the Emperor's Minister of State and most devoted adherent, advised the strictest economy in the court expenses. The Empress took umbrage at this, and forthwith launched into such extravagance as frightened even the Emperor himself. He remonstrated: all in vain. Not only did Eugénie continue her reckless course, but she became exacting, by requiring all who belonged to the court to imitate her example. From that day to this the boundless extravagance of her *entourage* has surpassed all precedent, and now the courtiers, one and all, are irretrievably indebted. Not even the most wealthy of them could, by a sacrifice of all they possess, pay a moiety of their debts. The Empress intrigued against M. Fould until, offended beyond measure, he resigned his post.

"This success did not satisfy her Majesty; it was as oil poured upon the flames. She grew more and more arrogant and meddlesome, and it became known at large throughout France that the Emperor and his spouse were at variance upon all political questions, and that she was raising up a party, a political organisation, to assist her plans. She was and is a determined and energetic ally of the Pope, and for him she plotted and worked with an energy worthy of any cause. She sent him vast sums of money, obtained from irregular sources; she collected from her adherents and surrounders all they could give her; caused contributions to be exacted from even the servants in the imperial household; and at last, when she had exhausted all her means, she pledged to the old Duke of Brunswick—a monomaniac upon the subject of possessing diamonds—the jewels which the great cities of France, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Strasbourg, and others presented to her on the occasion of her marriage to Napoleon. These jewels were, strictly speaking, crown property, but in her over-zeal and religious enthusiasm, largely spiced with a spirit of opposition to her husband's wishes, she disposed of those jewels, and sent the sums obtained to Pius IX.

"Her old antagonist, M. Fould, has been recalled to office by the Emperor, who is aware of his great worth, and, as Minister of Finance, Fould is once more in direct opposition to the wild extravagance of Eugénie. He pleads and menaces, but prayers and threats are alike ineffectual. The palace of the Elysées, which their Majesties are to occupy next year, has just been renovated. The apartments destined for the Empress were magnificent. She found them insufficiently so, and has caused changes and ordered additional decorations which will cost millions upon millions.

"Some time since the Empress founded a journal in

Paris which is recognised as her Majesty's organ. I refer to *La France*, a daily paper, edited by the notorious Vicomte de la Guernonière, a senator of the Empire, and famous as the reputed author of numerous pamphlets which from time to time have appeared in Paris, and which were, rumour says, conceived by the Emperor Napoleon, and written by his Majesty, but attributed by common consent to La Guernonière. I can explain the real nature of the transactions in question. The Emperor sketched out the *brochures*, and then M. de la Guernonière edited the notes given him by his Majesty. This personage was appointed Chief of the 'Bureau de la Presse'; that is, he was the controlling power over the Paris journals. When M. de Persigny was named Minister of the Interior, he entered into a strict investigation of the different departments depending upon that office, the 'Bureau de la Presse' being among the number. The transactions of M. de la Guernonière were deemed irregular by Persigny, and he complained to the Emperor, who told him to dismiss the Vicomte. This was done, and then his Majesty appointed him to the Senate. This did not satisfy M. de la Guernonière; he has been a journalist, has always dabbled in literature, and he wished to continue this career. He demanded permission from his Majesty to found a new paper. This was refused; and then he bethought himself of a grand expedient. He persuaded the Empress Eugénie to patronise a journal which should be her organ, and, as a natural consequence, the organ of the Catholic Church. The idea pleased her Majesty. She furnished two millions of francs to start the enterprise, and she then demanded from the Minister of the Interior, De Persigny, permission for La Guernonière to commence the immediate publication of the journal.

"The Minister sought the Emperor's advice, and was ordered to refuse the required favour. This incensed the Empress, who made several ineffectual attempts to change his Majesty's decision. La Guernonière was not to be beaten in this manner, however; he suggested to the Empress that her journal should be established in Brussels. She caught at the idea, and announced her determination to her husband, who saw that further opposition was useless, and at length gave way, and allowed the journal to appear in Paris. For it to have been carried on out of the empire would have been to expose to the world the antagonism which exists between their Majesties.

"The change of character which is so noticeable in Eugénie is not the only one observable in her Majesty. Though but thirty-six years of age, her beauty is sadly on the wane, and her Majesty has resorted to what the French term '*maquillage*'—that is, painting cheeks, eyebrows, lashes, and lips. Her make-up is scientific, but plainly to be detected; and persons who see the Empress now for the first time exclaim, 'Why, she is not nearly so handsome as has been represented!' She is not handsome now. Her brow has lost its bright, amiable look; the cares of her newly-assumed position have wrinkled its once smooth surface; besides, she is a Spanish woman, and they soon fade. She has become capricious and overbearing. In fact, the woman is totally transformed. The query now is, was she really all she seemed, or was it policy?—were her amiability and sweetness of deportment real or assumed as occasion required?

Should Napoleon be suddenly deprived of life, and Eugénie be thus made Regente, the world will witness strange deeds. It will see the Pope controlling the vast Empire of France. With such an eventuality possible, a great interest centres in Eugénie—the no longer amiable, kind, good, and charitable Empress; but, it is said, the extravagant, bigoted, superstitious tool of the wily Jesuits.

The Student's Column.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—XX.

"That we might receive the adoption of sons."—Gal. iv. 3.

ADOPTION is the admission of the penitent believer into God's family. It is a privilege not granted to angels.

I. What are its blessings?

God gives us—1. A new name, Numb. vi. 27; Rev. iii. 12.

2. A new nature, 2 Peter i. 4.

3. A new inheritance, Rom. viii. 17.

II. What are its fruits?

(a) On God's part—1. Love, Ps. ciii. 13.

2. Provision, Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

3. Protection, Zech. ii. 8.

4. Guidance, Hosea xi. 1—3; Rom. viii. 14.

5. Correction, Heb. xii. 5—11.

(b) On our part—1. Holiness, 2 Cor. vi. 17; 1 John iii. 1—3.

2. Love to God, Rom. viii. 15.

3. Love to the brethren, 1 John v. 1.

III. What are its distinctions?

1. Men generally adopt the deserving; not so God, Rom. v. 8—10.

2. Men adopt living children; God adopts the once spiritually dead, Eph. ii. 1.

3. Man adopts but few; God adopts many, Heb. ii. 10.

IV. What are the lessons to be deduced?

God's love to us, Jer. iii. 19.

Our duty to God, 1 John iii. 2, 3.

THE TARES.

(Matthew xiii. 24—30.)

It is evident from the narrative that the wheat and tares must have had considerable resemblance to each other in the herbaceous parts, which could hardly be the case unless these were both of the same family of grasses. That such is the case is evident from what modern travellers have stated, that the peasants of Syria and Palestine do not cleanse away the seeds of weeds from their corn, but even leave that which is most injurious. The tares are in fact a kind of degenerate wheat. In confirmation of this may be observed the epithet by which the other seed is distinguished from it—good seed. There is a force in the epithet good, which only fully comes out when this is kept in mind. The tendency of the neglected seed thus to degenerate and become a positive nuisance, a weed to be cast out for the burning, is but another of the infinite and wonderful analogies which the world of Nature supplies to the world of man.

In further illustration of the parable alluded to, and of the fact that Jesus Christ did not invent a mode of inflicting injury unfamiliar to his hearers, may be quoted the remarks of a modern writer, who affirms that the same thing which is represented as the act of the enemy, is still literally done in India. "See," he says, "that lurking villain watching for the time when his neighbour shall plough his field; he carefully marks the period when the work has been finished, and goes the night

following and casts in what the natives call *pandi-nellar*. This being of rapid growth, springs up before the good seed and scatters itself before the other can be reaped, so that the poor owner of the field will be years before he can get rid of the troublesome weed. But there is another noisome plant which these bad men cast into the ground of those they hate, which is more destructive to vegetation than any other plant. Has a man purchased a field out of the hands of another, the offended person says, 'I will plant the *peram-pirandi* in his grounds.'"

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. B.—"*Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.*"—Rev. i. 5.

"*These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*"—Rev. vii. 14.

Allusion is here made to the ceremonial cleansing of the high priest and his sons, and of their garments, by the sprinkling of blood upon them, before they were permitted to engage in the service of the Lord, Exod. xxix. 21. The redeemed are also called, "priests and kings unto God," Rev. i. 6; but before entering upon his service in his "temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," they were cleansed from all sin by faith in the Saviour's blood, the Lamb which he provided for the taking away of the sins of the world. And "therefore (says ver. 15) are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple."

H. M.—"*What was that dispensation called before God gave the ten commandments to Moses?*"

The Patriarchal Dispensation; in the course of which God gradually revealed the knowledge of his will to fallen man.

S. T.—"*Did anything occur, after the Jews refused the proffered assistance of the Samaritans in the building of the temple, to increase the enmity which subsisted between them?*"

The Samaritans were idolaters brought from Babylon and other places by the King of Assyria on his taking Samaria, and leading its inhabitants away captive. An Israelitish priest was also sent to instruct them in the Jewish religion, and thus give them a knowledge of the one true God. They did not, however, forsake their heathen practices, but embraced a religion made up of Judaism and idolatry. There was always an irreconcilable hatred between the Jews and themselves, the grounds of hatred being the following:—

1. The Jews refusing the proffered assistance in the building of the temple.
2. The Samaritans doing all in their power to thwart the Jews in the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem.
3. The building of a rival temple to that at Jerusalem on Mount Gerizim, and giving out that that was the temple where the worship of God was to be celebrated.
4. The Samaritans affording protection to Jewish outlaws, and to those who had been excommunicated, who betook themselves to Samaria for safety.
5. The Samaritans receiving only the five books of

Moses, and rejecting the writings of the prophets, and the traditions of the Jews.

It is said that the Jews did buy and sell to the Samaritans, but were restricted by an order of the Sanhedrim from using any familiarity with them, or borrowing or receiving anything as a gift from them; which was the cause of the reply of the woman of Samaria to Jesus, John iv. 9.

G. F.—How is it that we have two different genealogies of Christ?

The reason is that St. Matthew gives the genealogy of Joseph, and St. Luke that of Mary. The former wrote for the Jews, and traces the pedigree from Abraham to David, and so through Solomon's line to Joseph, the husband of Mary. Among the Jews, legal descent was always reckoned in the male line. St. Luke wrote for Gentiles, and traces the pedigree upwards, from Joseph, the son of Heli, the father of Mary, to David and Abraham, and thence to Adam, the common father of all mankind. Joseph is here said to be the son of Heli. He became his son-in-law by marriage with Mary, Heli's daughter. Thus the genealogy of Luke is, in fact, that of Mary, the mother of Jesus. And so, whether Christ's pedigree be traced through the line of Joseph or Mary, he is proved to be descended from David and Abraham.

J. O.—"God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran."—Hab. iii. 3.

Teman and Paran were districts near Mount Sinai. The prophet, in this verse, is probably referring to the visible display of the glory of God at the giving of the Law upon Mount Sinai. See Deut. xxxiii. 2, and Numb. x. 12.

The prophet, in order to encourage the faithful still to trust in God, recounts his past acts of power, goodness, and protection afforded to their forefathers in the wilderness.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

"LAUK, maister! It bea'nt no use a shoutin' for Dan'l. He be dead drunk agen; a sleepin' among the straw yonder, like a pig! Master Charlie, he come in a minute ago, sir, and holler'd him to tak' his brown nag; but 'twas't no manner o' good. He'll not hear ye till he've sleep' hisself sober."

It was Betsy who spoke, as she stood at the back kitchen door, rosy and bare-armed, rubbing a willow-patterned plate with a clean cloth. Farmer Sandford had just ridden in on his grey mare. "Drunk, is he? Again! The rascal! Well, I vowed next time it happened he should trudge. I'll be as good as my word."

And the farmer cracked his whip ominously, as he summoned one of the stable lads, but not the usual hand, to lead away the mare.

"Aye, and I don't say but he merits it, master," continued Betsy. "I ain't a goin' to defend him; you knows me better nor that; but his poor wife, she were in this mornin', and she do say as how Dan'l were steadier like until that there supper, when it seemed as though, havin' got the taste o'

the sperits into 'un again, he must fall back into his old ways. He've kep' sober enough for his work by days, sir, sin' you threatened 'un; but Sally says as he've been ev'ry night at the 'Red Lion,' a guzzling wi' Tom Benson, O'Connor, and the old lot o' near-do-weels, and hav' never lain down sober once sin' that there drinkin' bout as you give 'em."

The farmer did not for one moment stop to reflect on his share in the delinquent's present transgression; he only cursed and swore during his servant's speech, and then, purple with rage, stalked off to the spot where the drunkard lay in a heavy stupor, snoring loudly among the straw.

He looked one degree less human than the swine which routed and snuffed around him. His black, matted hair concealed a brow never remarkable for breadth or height. The heavy jowls looked sodden and unhealthy, and the thick, sensual lips were protruded and open.

One application of that stout-thonged whip produced signs of vitality in the stupefied man. Another, and another! He was rolling over and over among the straw, howling like a beaten hound, but still quite incapable of rising to his feet.

"Go it, father!" cried a voice behind him; and "Give it him harder, the drunken beast!" added another.

Roger and John had arrived at the scene of action, and were enjoying the spectacle of the miserable being writhing beneath his chastisement.

Angel voices were whispering in the heaven of cloudless blue above them, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but the words brought no sound to their ears.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" The warning murmur reached not only the ears but the very heart of one who now came hurrying breathlessly to the spot whence those terrible sounds proceeded.

"Father! father! what are you about? You'll kill the man!"

"What's the odds if I do? So much the better. A drunken brute, only fit to cumber the earth!" And the whip cracked more loudly than ever.

Perhaps so, Farmer Sandford; but though the tree might be barren and withered, it was not for you to cut it down.

Charles cast an indignant glance at his laughing brothers, who seemed to think the whole affair good sport.

"Roger! John! Do you call yourselves men, and stand by to see such cruel work? You must be less than human to make a joke of it!"

The lad's face was flushed with righteous indignation. The farmer's arm was stayed; he stared at his presumptuous son with speechless amazement; but his blood was up, and the angry feelings were only diverted into another channel.

"You! You preach to me, youngster? That's all the good yon parson friend o' yours teaches you—to set you up again' your own father! 'Cruel' forsooth! things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, when lads like you tell their parents their duty."

"Nay, nay, father," said the boy, pacifically; "I did not mean to vex you, or to say you were wrong; only you forget how strong your arm is when you are put out, as you've every cause to be with that fellow, now. You know very well you wouldn't really harm the man, for his wife and children's sake. No one has a kinder heart than

you have. Hark, how he groans, poor senseless wretch! Oh, father, isn't it punishment enough to be in that state? Doesn't drunkenness bring its own chastisement with it? Leave him now; and when he is sober, deal as hardly with him as you will, and I'll not plead his cause; for you warned him."

The farmer tacked the whip under his arm with a low growl, and walked away. Roger and John went back to their work—the former with a sneer at the "parson's pet;" the latter, with a vindictive remembrance of the rebuke, swearing at his younger brother for "a canting young hypocrite."

Charlie stood a few seconds looking at the still incapable, writhing heap of humanity among the straw, with a mixture of repulsion and pity; then turned and left him to the remorse which comes, sooner or later, even to the most confirmed drunkard.

CHAPTER V.

THE BELLE OF REDSTONE.

We have stated in our first chapter that in the very centre of Redstone High Street was a staring, red-brick house. There were other red-brick houses in the street, but this was more peculiarly conspicuous from its size and importance. It had a bright green door, a white portico, and far broader stone steps than any of the less ostentatious tenements around possessed.

Such was the residence of Lawyer Sharpe, whose name was most truly personified in his character. Sharp alike in his intellect and in his dealings with his fellow-men, he had well "feathered his nest," but it was at the expense of his popularity in Redstone. He was greatly feared and little liked by his neighbours. To fall under Lawyer Sharpe's suspicion made even the innocent look guilty; while to get into his clutches was to be as a tender lamb in the jaws of a wolf: in his own good time he was inevitably sure of being scrunched up—at the lawyer's pleasure he was doomed to destruction.

There was one redeeming point in this remorseless human wolf: like the Jew Shylock of old, he had one fair daughter. Evelyn Sharpe was as unlike her father as light to darkness. The lawyer (far less formidable in his appearance than in his nature) was a little man, with keen, twinkling eyes, and a large nose, sufficiently Hebraic in character to account for his rapacity. His daughter was tall and slender, with the softest of blue eyes, the fairest of skins, and the sweetest of voices.

Hard as was the attorney to all the rest of the species, he loved his only child with a pride and tenderness which could not have been exceeded. True, there was the element of selfishness wanting in his affection. He surrounded her with every indulgence and comfort which could make her home attractive to her; but he guarded her, with a jealousy apparent to all, from the intimate society of young people of her own age, lest she should be tempted to form a nearer and dearer tie, for which he would be left to loneliness.

So the "Belle of Redstone" (for such universal verdict pronounced Evelyn to be) bloomed from childhood to ripe maidenhood unvisited by the breath of love, carefully shielded from its dangerous atmosphere, like a delicate flower in a greenhouse. Yet were there many manly young fellows in Redstone who would rather have had a

smile from Evelyn Sharpe than from any other rosy-lipped damsel for miles round.

There were two brothers not far distant, who, undeserving as they were, each in secret worshipped the lawyer's daughter, though her name never passed their lips; and who thought far less of the handsome marriage portion they might gain with her than the lily hand they would win with it.

But of all the silent adoration, jealousies, and heart-aches of which she was the cause, the young girl dreamed not. Happy amidst her books, her music, her birds, and her flowers, Evelyn, at the age of seventeen, had no wandering thoughts or desires beyond her father and his happiness.

This calm content, however, could not last. Even the fair princess of old, kept, according to our fairy tales, in an enchanted castle surrounded with moats, and guarded by dragons and every imaginable form of hideous monsters, was not so impenetrably concealed but that the gay young prince would force an entrance, create an interest for himself in the imprisoned beauty's heart, and, fighting a way through every danger and difficulty, bear off his prize in triumph from the dungeon, which had never looked so black to her until she thought of liberty with him!

And so it is now. Let us close doors and windows as we will, Love will effect an entrance somehow, when his day is come.

"Who was that young man who rode here just now on a grey horse, Mary?" asked Evelyn Sharpe, one day, of her maid, who had just looked in to see how her young mistress was getting on.

"Do you mean him as master stood a talkin' to ever so long outside, miss?"

"Of course I do, Mary," answered Evelyn, impatiently. "Whom else should I mean?"

"Well, to be sure! I thought you'd know he 'Twas young Mr. Roger Sandford, o' the Redstone Farm, up yonder; and ain't he a fine gamesome young gentleman, neither? Ah, he's a bonnie one to look at; don't you think so, missy?"

"I don't see how you should have supposed I could know who it was, when you are very well aware I never see a single creature to speak to, Mary," answered Evelyn, for the first time rather repiningly. "If any gentlemen come to the house, doesn't papa always have them shown into his study?"

"To be sure; you're right, miss," said Mary, promptly; "and more's the pity: it's a sin and a shame to my mind; but I suppose master'll bring you home a husband of his own choosing one o' these days."

"Nonsense, Mary!" and Evelyn blushed. "I never think about marrying. Why, what would papa do, without me to take care of him?"

The maid only shook her head as she made her exit; and Evelyn turned to her piano, there to sing a song with the burden, "He loves, and he rides away," as she thought of young Roger Sandford's parting gaze at the window where she was standing.

The meaning and passionate flash of those dark hazel eyes had awakened a new sentiment in the maiden's heart—a sense of something wanting to complete the happiness of life to her. That night, for the first time, she forgot to put her father's slippers to the fire, to be ready for him when he came to his tea, and cried herself to sleep, because her "home was so dull."

CHAPTER VI.

"LIFE IS REAL! LIFE IS EARNEST."

"Do you know anything of Daniel Pearson and his family, Mr. St. Aubyn?" asked Charles Sandford, one morning.

He was standing before the book-shelves in the rector's library, turning over their contents, while the latter finished a letter he had been engaged on when Charles arrived. Young Sandford did not speak until he saw that the envelope was addressed and about to be sealed; then he ventured on the above question.

"Pearson?—Daniel Pearson?" repeated the clergyman, ruminating, as he affixed his signet to the hot wax; "I can't quite recall the man; yet I seem to know the name. Where does he live, Charlie?"

"In one of the white cottages on the upper road, just out o' Redstone—the way you come to our house. He used to work for my father; but he was a terrible drunken fellow; and last month, father, having threatened him many times, really turned him off. He was loth to do it, for he was a smart, handy chap, when sober."

"And what will become of him now, think you, Charlie?"

"That's what I'd like to know, sir. It's what was troubling me when I put that question to you. He's safe to go from bad to worse, with no one to look after him."

"Why don't you call and talk to him, Charles?—get him to give up his evil habit, and then, perhaps, your father would be persuaded to take him on again. Dismissed for drunkenness by one master, he'll find it hard work to get another service."

"To be sure, sir; and he'll go to the bad, poor fellow; and then, what will become of his wretched wife and children? Oh, Mr. St. Aubyn, does it not seem to you we shall be in some measure to blame for the ruin of that man's soul, and the bringing of those innocent ones belonging to him to poverty and misery? I have felt uncomfortable about it ever since Pearson was discharged; and I determined to ask you. He has worked for us from boyhood; but that dreadful vice has been gradually increasing upon him of late years, until my father could bear with it no longer."

"The seventy times seven has expired," murmured Mr. St. Aubyn, with a sad smile.

"Well, you see, sir, it's hard to do one's duty as Christians, and get on in the world too"—began the youth.

"Hold! hold! my good fellow," interrupted the minister. "No heterodoxy! We are told we cannot serve two masters—that we must choose between God and Mammon; therefore, if our duty to our neighbour lies one way, and our selfish, worldly interest the other, it is set plainly enough before us which we are to choose. But I am not arguing that your father should keep a drunkard in his employment, only that his justice should be tempered with mercy, and every encouragement to sobriety offered, before the man is summarily dealt with. You'll allow, Charles, there was little inducement to temperance at your house the other night. Why, even your father whispered to me that the beer was drugged—harmlessly, he added—because the men didn't fancy it strong unless it got

into their heads.* This he said as an apology for their stupid condition. Oh, Charles, lad, it's a fearful evil—this love of intoxicating liquor. I wish you were a water-drinker." The young clergyman added this very earnestly, with his hand on the youth's arm.

"I often wish I were, since I knew you, sir," was the reply. "I have even tried, but I cannot keep it up."

"Ah, I don't despair of your succeeding some day, without purchasing your disgust at the price I did." And Mr. St. Aubyn shuddered.

"How was that?" inquired young Sandford, rather hesitatingly, adding, "I beg your pardon if I ought not to have asked."

"Oh, you shall hear some day, my boy; but not this morning. I must go and visit my sick parishioners at twelve o'clock. Would you like me to include Daniel Pearson in that list?"

"Ay, sir, if you would," responded the lad, eagerly. "I do think if you talked to him a bit, it would do him good. He was such a likely man once, and as civil and respectful as possible when sober; but when only a little drunk, he'd be violent and abusive, and when far gone in liquor, he was just like a senseless log."

Charles reflected with disgust on last week's flogging scene; but he forbore, from reasons of pride, to tell the minister any portion of that transaction, and his father's brutality.

"Why have you never been to satisfy yourself, Charles, as to the man's condition since he was dismissed, as you take such compassionate interest in him?" asked the rector.

"Oh, sir, what good could I do? I could make no promises that my father would try him again if he mended his ways, for Pearson has broken his word so often; and if I happened to go when he was in his cups, he'd half kill me, out of malice to my father. I'll tell you what was the upsetting of him, Mr. St. Aubyn," added the young man, suddenly. "He was a steady fellow, until, ten years ago, that brother of his, Robert Pearson, came from America with a good bit o' money, and set up the 'Red Lion,' down King Street. Daniel took to going there, to hear his stories o' foreign parts, and had his bit and sup for nothing. He got too fond o' the bottle, and from having his glass free, he took to calling for another, 'for the good o' the house,' he'd say, jokingly; and now he's known as a drunkard all over Redstone."

"How did you learn this, Charles? You're no frequenter of taverns."

"James French told my father. Indeed, it's quite true."

"Oh, I do not doubt your word, Charlie. Now, take what books you like, and be off; or, stay: are you bound homewards?"

"Yes, sir; 'tis nigh dinner-time."

"Then just reach me my hat and coat from that peg, and I'll walk with you as far as Pearson's."

"Oh, thank you, sir," replied young Sandford.

So the clergyman and the farmer's son walked through Redstone, arm in arm. They did not look up at Lawyer Sharpe's window as they passed; for, although young men as they both were, life had for them still higher aims and aspirations than a maiden's smile.

To be continued.

* A fact.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(continued).

A STOUT and almost unwieldy man, nearer seventy than sixty years of age; florid in face and even purple in nose; gouty in hands, knees, and slippered feet; with crisp, curly, grey-brown hair on his head, and a white beard reaching from his chin half-way to his waist: dressed in a slovenly style in a faded red dressing-gown (worn to rags at the elbows) and a pair of antique grey trousers, ripped up at the sides, for the accommodation of his swollen ankles and stiff knees, John Buckmaster looked what he had termed himself—a battered, used-up old fellow. But the brilliancy of his eyes, and steady roll of his deep voice gave proof that there was much vigour in his decay; and as he now moved slowly out of his pupils' drawing-room, with his thick, clumsy right hand resting on Edward Smith's left shoulder, the applauding murmurs of the students testified how much he was personally loved by them.

"Here, lad, sit down and have a pipe and a glass with me," said the teacher, sinking down in an easy chair, beside which stood a little table furnished with tobacco and the materials for grog. "Close the door, and let's enjoy ourselves for an hour. The open window will let fresh air into the room. What'll you have? You don't smoke? To be sure, you don't. Quite right, too; all the more tobacco for me. But you must have a little gin-and-water, just to keep me company; you can mix it as weak as you like. I don't want you to imitate John Buckmaster's faults, of which his fondness for strong brandy-and-water isn't the least."

Tumblers having been mixed, door shut, and light put to the smoker's pipe, Edward Smith opened conversation by saying, "And now, sir, I want you to tell me the name of the gentleman who has bought my work."

"Ay, to be sure, you can't make out the signature," responded John Buckmaster, showing by his reply that he had overheard more of the students' talk than they suspected. "I played the listener on the lads just now.

Come, let me look at the cheque; though, I dare say, I can tell whose name is upon it without looking.

"Exactly," continued the old man, turning the paper in his fingers, when he had examined it and got the better of a short paroxysm of asthmatic wheezing, "it's his unreadable scratch. I don't wonder you couldn't make it out. The signature on that bit of ornamented paper (it would make a pretty pipe-light) is the signature of John Harrison Newbolt."

"Indeed! Who is he? Ought I to know him?"

"Know him! Ought you to know him? Don't tell him you had never heard his name," responded John Buckmaster, chuckling with glee, as he blew a wreath of smoke up to the dingy ceiling of his studio. "Why, lad, he is John Harrison Newbolt, M.P. for the radical borough of Harling, broker and merchant of the City of London, and defender of oppressed nationalities all the

world over. He is a great man, I can assure you—at least, a noisy one. He flatters himself his name is a household word, for blessing or curse, with every Englishman who reads the newspapers. But perhaps, my boy, you don't read the newspapers?"

"I don't read them regularly," answered Edward Smith, blushing at the ignorance he had just displayed.

"And when you do read them, you look to the police reports, terrible accidents, theatrical intelligence, art news, old maids' corner, and gossip; and don't trouble yourself about leading articles and parliamentary reports? Ay? is that about the state of the case?"

"I am afraid it is," answered Edward, pleading guilty to the charge, and then proceeding to argue for his own justification. "The fact is, sir, politics are not in my way, and I don't care for them. I am an artist; and what has an artist to do with politics? The beautiful is not altered by the shiftings of the 'ins' and 'outs.' Politics is a tricky game of petty changes; my business is with the immutable."

"Pah; you caught that cant from your friend Rupert, and it's downright trash," rejoined John Buckmaster, stoutly, setting down the tumbler of brandy-and-water which he had just applied to his lips. "Don't be narrow, lad, and satisfied with the cramped, muddle-headed, ignoramus notions of most young students. An artist should be a liberal-minded gentleman, well educated, and having just views on all subjects of human interest—able to talk with scholars, or at least listen to them with pleasure, and in no way resembling the drowsy farmers, amongst whom I lived when I was a boy, and who wouldn't give their children liberal instruction, because, forsooth, Latin and Greek wouldn't be any use to them in business. Many a promising lad have I seen fail of being a good painter, because he lacked the culture of a gentleman. Read politics or don't read 'em, according to your taste, but don't excuse yourself for your indolence by saying they are out of an artist's line. It's a libel on art, to say so, I tell you. Every earthly thing concerns an artist; and art has some sort of connection with everything in God's universe. You ought to see that. I wish more of my youngsters had brains capable of comprehending that doctrine. Don't be narrow, boy; don't be narrow!"

"I'll do my best not to be so," answered the pupil, thoughtfully. "I feel that your counsel is good, sound counsel."

"Still, that matter may rest for the present. I want to enjoy my pipe, and no man can really enjoy tobacco and be earnest at the same time. Here, take your cheque, which, I'll answer for it, won't be dishonoured when you present it to-morrow for payment. Mr. Newbolt is a rich man, and a more liberal paymaster than rich men usually are; and he has paid you far more than I suggested he ought to give. You had put £30 on the girl; and I only told him that it was worth the money, and that you oughtn't to have less for the other; but he has written £100 on his draft. It is a great deal of money for a youngster of your standing to get; but it won't do you any harm."

"Prosperity wouldn't hurt me; I don't think it would."

"I think it wouldn't, lad; and, there, I have paid you a high compliment."

"I thank you for it, Mr. Buckmaster. But tell me, sir, something more about Mr. Newbolt."

"It isn't much I know about the gentleman, though, in an off-and-on sort of way, he has been an acquaintance of mine for twenty years past. He is a merchant and broker, standing high in the city; he is a violent politician, and, as far as I know, an honest one; worked hard, years since, to get the Reform Bill, and ever since '32 has been in the House, and figuring as a chairman of public meetings. He's so far a friend of the Chartists that his enemies say he wants to pull down church and state, and turn everything topsy-turvy; but John Harrison Newbolt has too keen a relish for his bread-and-butter, and knows far too well how he comes to have so much good butter and fine bread, to do anything rash. Many people think highly of his powers; but I am inclined to think John Harrison Newbolt, M.P., has a higher opinion of his own powers than any one else has."

"Does he care for art? does he understand art?" inquired the young artist, laughing at the piquant description of his patron.

"John Harrison Newbolt cares for art! John Harrison Newbolt understand art!" responded John Buckmaster, with a chuckle of intense amusement. "He knows just as much about art as my old lay-figure, standing there in the corner, does. He scarcely sees any difference between a good painting and a tavern sign-board, between a statue by Canova and a lamp-post; but all the same for that, he is making a handsome penny out of art. He buys pictures as an investment."

"That's exactly what he told me."

"And he always tells the truth to the best of his ability. John Harrison Newbolt always speaks in good faith. When he tells you he has turned scoundrel, believe him. He won't deceive you. And when he told you he bought pictures as an investment he spoke fact; and, without lying, he might have added that he has bought pictures to very good purpose."

"And yet he doesn't understand art."

"He understands men, and knows how to choose honest guides, who, when they tell him to buy a picture, won't deceive him—won't make a fool of him. For years he has trusted me and Dick Toulmin, of St. John's Wood, and we have never played tricks with him. When you see his collection, you'll agree with me that he hasn't done badly as a buyer. His plan is to buy the pictures of young, unknown artists, whose promise is as great as their reputation is small; and though he always pays liberally, he usually finds that eight or ten years have raised the value of his purchases to eight or ten times what he gave for them. Whatever that man lays his hands upon turns to money. People say he has been bitten by railway speculations; but I don't believe it. He's a clever fellow, and a pleasant one, too, to those who let him have his own way; but you'll see more of him, and be able to judge for yourself."

"Do you think he'll call on me?"

"He'll be sure to do that, and will ask you to his place at Muswell Hill, where he lives in very good style.

He likes patronising youngsters, enjoys their society, enjoys laying down the law to them. He is like me in that respect; for I enjoy the company of my boys better than that of men of my own age, who have a right to oppose, and contradict, and laugh at me. It is a pleasure to me to talk to you, as I am accustomed to do, because I know you respect my words, and don't feel inclined to laugh at my overbearing temper. Yes, Edward Smith, you're very good company for a conceited old man."

"I am glad you find me good company," rejoined the young man, laughing.

"By-the-by, Mr. Rupert Smith has been here," resumed the senior, changing the topic. "It appears you and he are very intimate friends."

"Yes, we know a good deal of each other. He likes art, and knows about art, too; and we're close chums."

"Humph! he cares for art, does he?"

"Why, sir, he was a pupil here three years since. I made his acquaintance in your pupils' drawing-room."

"Ay, I remember; he came idling here for a few months."

"He knows nature, sir. His etchings are extraordinary; I can't come up to them."

"I dare say, I dare say. If he cares for art, why doesn't he persevere, and make himself an artist, instead of being that contemptible thing, a dabbling amateur?"

"Rupert wants application, certainly; but he is very clever, and is an excessively amusing companion."

"Amusing! Monkeys are amusing; parrots are amusing; educated fleas are amusing;" ejaculated John Buckmaster, bluntly. "Very amusing he is, I dare say. He is a mimic; can imitate anybody's voice and manner, and has an inexhaustible fund of the stories idle lads like to listen to. It was he who first taught my boys to call me 'Old Bucky.' I know him."

"I can assure you, sir," interposed Edward Smith, warmly, "he has a very high respect and much genuine admiration for you."

"Pooh! the more simpleton he."

"Then, you should remember, sir," added Edward, continuing the defence of his absent friend, "if he is not energetic in the pursuit of art, art is not his profession, and therefore ought only to be his amusement."

"Indeed!"

"His profession is the law."

"What's his practice?"

"He calls himself a lawyer. He is a barrister."

"What does the world call him? Has he ever held a brief?"

"I don't know that he has; but a man is not to be despised for want of success."

"I hate shams," observed John Buckmaster, energetically, but not angrily; "I like a man to be what he wishes others to think him. I don't like make-believe lawyers, who are called to the bar because they think it gives them a gentlemanly disguise for their insignificant powers and useless lives. I don't like a young man to be playing the fine gentleman when he has no property, and ought to be labouring in some branch of honest industry. I despise the hand that wears a fine, white, delicate skin, when it ought to be sun-burnt and horny; and I am not fond of a glib tongue which has much wit

and little sound sense. There, there, I don't want to run your friend down to you, hurting your feelings and not improving my own. I know no great harm of Mr. Rupert Smith, except that he came idling about my studio for a few months, talking very magnificently and painting rather freely, and turning the heads of all my lads with his impudent chattering and West-end airs. He may be a very honest, worthy young man; but I don't like his outside or his manners. He is too brilliant and charming for a crusty old churl like me."

"I have found him a true friend," replied Edward, gravely and slowly. "He has been close to me on many occasions when I have been benefited by him. We have made holiday together; he nursed me when I had fever; and he comforted me somewhat when I was in sorrow. You would not wish me to think lightly of such a friend, sir?"

"I wish you! No, sir!" replied the senior, warmly, surprised at the earnestness of his young companion's appeal. "You know him better than I do. A true friend is a sacred treasure. If he be such a friend as you think him, may he cleave to you; and may you ever prize him beyond all the possessions which Fortune has in store for you! I, who have outlived the friendships of my youth, wouldn't sow dissensions betwixt you and your familiar."

John Buckmaster's eyes glistened as he uttered these fervid words.

Then the kindly, rough, blunt old man rose, and dismissed his guest, saying, "And now, my boy, be off with you. My pipe is out, and my glass finished, and I must go out, for I have an engagement."

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO FRIENDS.

THE time was between ten and eleven o'clock p.m., when Edward Smith walked past Holborn Bars on his way from Newman Street to his chambers in Furnival's Inn, after his interview with John Buckmaster. "I haven't seen Rupert since Saturday; and he has been looking for me this afternoon. Most likely he has gone on to Furnival's, and is waiting for me there," thought the young man, as he crossed the end of the street in which the marvellous boy, Chatterton, died, and he experienced a thrill of pleasure in his simple, honest heart from the anticipation of joining hands with his peculiar associate. Indeed, Rupert was unusually dear to him just then, in consequence of the slighting words spoken about him by John Buckmaster, and the counter-statement generously made by himself, Edward Smith. Perhaps his breast was warmed by an agreeable consciousness that he had acted with laudable courage and proper chivalry in standing up for his absent friend, and defending him against the harsh judgments of one who was his superior and benefactor. For respect for his master—that child-like, trustful reverence which the young man instinctively felt and habitually displayed to all who were or had ever been placed in authority over him—and warm gratitude to the kindly old man who had recommended his pictures to the notice of a wealthy patron of young artists, so far influenced him that he had not opposed John Buckmaster's keen sarcasms on Rupert without considerable effort, and

lively sense of the delicacy of the ground on which he stood—when he played the champion in behalf of one towards whom the art teacher had conceived a decided dislike. Many a young man in Edward's position would have satisfied his conscience by maintaining strict silence to John Buckmaster's expressions of opinion; but in the cause of friendship it was Edward's wont to obey the dictates of generosity, and pay slight heed to prudence.

"It's a pity John Buckmaster doesn't do him justice," thought Edward. "Rupert never intended to hurt the dear old fellow's feelings. Indeed, whose feelings doesn't Rupert respect? He is as gentle, considerate, and sympathising as he is gay and versatile. It was his droll love of mimicry that did the mischief. Buckmaster wouldn't have cared for his calling him 'Old Bucky;' but the good old man overheard him imitating his voice and manners, and the insult—though Rupert did it in pure playfulness—stung him. They are both such rare good fellows, in very different ways; they ought to understand one another better. It's a pity they don't."

Thinking in this loyal fashion of superior and equal, master and friend, Edward Smith passed under the arch which forms the entrance to Furnival's Inn, and, quickening his steps, ran across the court to a distant corner thereof, ascended a staircase, and entered the large room on the third floor—the room which for three years had been his private studio and his home.

"Ah! Rupert, I thought you'd be here. I dined in Poland Street, and Sam told me you had been inquiring for me. After dinner I went up to the 'school,' and I found you had been there, too."

"I wanted to tender my most sincere congratulations to Edward Smith, Esq., on the first advances of the dear goddess, Fortune, who is by no means so fickle as her detractors would like to make out."

"How did you hear the news? Who told you, my boy?"

"Fame met me with her trumpet; or rather I met Fame in the Academy price-room, in the shape of a little old man, with a pen behind his ear, and he said to me, 'Your friend, Mr. Edward Smith, has just sold both of his pictures to Mr. Harrison Newbolt, M.P. I can't say exactly what he has got for them; but I suspect it's a largeish sum.' Replied I to Fame, 'Fame, my dear boy, you impart glad tidings; and if I could afford to do so I would ask you to dinner.' That much passed between me and Fame, and forthwith I proceeded to walk about the town, hunting after you. Eventually I turned up here, wheedled hot water out of your laundress, broke open your tea-caddy, rifled your closet of cold meats, lit the gas, satisfied the vulgar cravings of hunger, manufactured half a dozen cigarettes, and having smoked them fell into the calm sleep of innocence, from which your step and wild cries of exultation awoke me. Sit down, my dear boy, and make yourself at home in your own room."

"And you didn't tell the Buckmaster fellows a word of the news? You thought I should enjoy the pleasure of reporting my own triumph. You always think for others."

"Nay, Ned, you wrong me. May I never sink into that most despicable product of Christian civilisation,

an amiable young man who is overflowing with benevolent forethought for his companions, while he culpably neglects his own interests. My plan is to keep my eye steadily fixed on the welfare of the person who is of most importance to your humble servant—Rupert Smith, to wit, Esq., barrister-at-law, and member of the Rhododendron Club, Pall Mall. My reserve in Newman Street just now was due solely to my observance of this first great principle of the Rupertian philosophy. I knew you would be in an overpowering rage with me if—to adopt a style of language repugnant to my own good taste, though it is a prominent feature of the manners of our youth in this corrupt generation—I 'blew the gaff' about your run of luck. And I haven't sufficient moral courage to brave, or sufficient imprudence to provoke your anger. My dear child! I can't, under existing circumstances, afford to offend you, for you are getting on in the world; you are a rising man, and sooner or later I shall find out some means whereby, purely as a matter of friendship, I can make use of you to my own advantage."

It should be remarked that these two friends shook hands cordially when they exchanged their first words. It was not Rupert's plan to shake hands with constant associates whenever he met them. Chance companions and more intimate friends he met daily in the clubs and public places of the town, and accorded them no recognition beyond the cold stare and scarcely perceptible nod which, in 1846, constituted the ordinary salutation amongst young men of good social style. But Edward, whose frank, honest manners had been formed in a less exalted school than that in which Rupert had acquired the arts of gentlemanly bearing, liked to shake hands; and therefore Rupert, with characteristic readiness to yield to the wishes of his friend, always greeted him in the cordial, old-fashioned manner. Whether he was really true to his boast that his own interests were the chief object of his care, the revelations of the following pages will enable the public to form an opinion; but at this early stage of their acquaintance with Mr. Rupert Smith, readers may be informed that he was habitually observant of the minute peculiarities of all persons with whom he consorted, studiously careful—without ever allowing the care to be apparent—to please them, and almost invariably successful in his attempts to impress them favourably. In many comparatively trifling respects, Rupert Smith was that which he wished the world to think him—a gentleman; whether on other and more important grounds he merited that honourable and much abused title, it would at present be premature to decide.

Let a few words be said about his personal appearance, style, tone.

In height, he exactly resembled his friend Edward; in complexion, he was something fairer; in figure, he was something slighter than the young artist; in form of feature, not dissimilar. As the two stood side by side, an eye educated to detect and compare minute points of likeness and difference in the aspects of different objects would have discerned several elements of shape and facial expression common to both friends. Edward habitually spoke slowly and with gravity; Rupert was a light, flippant talker, and his voice, con-

tinually exercised in his favourite diversion of mimicry, had many notes beyond the compass of his friend's organ; but when they spoke together without restraint, and in the freedom of mutual confidence—Edward in his customary tone, and Rupert in that which was easiest and most natural to him—their voices were observably consonant in volume, quality, and ring. In natural characteristics there was enough of resemblance between the two to account for the supposition that they were related in blood—a supposition which persons often made without having learnt that they bore the same surname.

But in style they were wide apart.

With the unobtrusive dress, guileless face, thoughtful countenance, and long curls of the artist, readers are already familiar. They have yet to observe the dainty elaborateness of costume, and artificial refinement of air and appearance, which notably marked the young man whom Mike Gavan had extolled for being "a regular swell," and John Buckmaster had sneered at for effeminacy and affectation. Indeed, Rupert was a striking contrast to the friend whom he in many respects so closely resembled. A smiling, fastidious, playful dandy—the youngest member of that last school of dandyism which, in 1846, was a protest against the ludicrous vulgarities of the "gents," and the offensive coarseness of the "last men," and which died out soon after the extinction of its founder and brightest ornament, Count d'Orsay—Rupert was always well and expensively apparelled; and as he now sat in his friend's easy-chair, he was dressed in a style which would have made any Mayfair tailor glad to point him out as a customer. Every detail of his costume was in keeping with its principal ingredients. In his long, blue frock-coat—a garment which no young man of 1863 would think of wearing except at his wedding—light drill waistcoat, shirt front of finest linen and spotless whiteness (in 1846 young men often indulged in what they were pleased to designate "loud" shirt-fronts and collars, made of material enlivened with grinning deaths' heads, foxes' brushes, opera dancers, dancing elves, or grotesque spiders, on ground colour of any hue between bright yellow and bright gamboge, delicate pink and flaring scarlet), lavender trousers, natty boots, glossy silk hat, filmy kid gloves, and slender cane, there was no fault of shortcoming or exaggeration on which the keenest critic of such important matters could have fixed. But, notwithstanding the elaborateness and finish of Mr. Rupert's dandyism, he did not strike the observer as one who expended care on personal decoration because he had no powers which could have been exercised with effect in other directions. At a glance it was manifest that the words "mere coxcomb" could not be justly applied to him. There was power expressed in his well-shaped, closely-trimmed head; brightness of intellect in his merry, restless, blue eyes; mirth in his thin, flexible lips, betwixt which the smooth, white teeth were rather too conspicuous; and imperturbable good-humour in the smile which played over his comely face, of which the scented whiskers were periodically pointed and curled by the most accomplished artist in Truefit's establishment.

In age he had the advantage, as some people would

term it, over his friend and the other young artists with whom it was his humour to associate on terms of condescending familiarity. His exact age it is needless to state at present; and since it is needless to mention it, it would be an act of unjustifiable impertinence to do so, as he was somewhat coy and mysterious on the subject, preferring that his companions should form conjectures on the question by observation of his personal appearance and words, rather than that they should finally settle the point by reference to a parish register. He did not look less than five-and-twenty, or more than seven-and-twenty; but there is no occasion to remind readers that men on boyhood's side of forty often seem, to observant eyes, ten years younger than they are. That he had lived long enough to have seen much of the world, his words testified and his friends believed; but even Edward Smith—who knew more of him than many other men—had he undertaken to write a biography of his friend Rupert, could have produced no more than a very shadowy and unsatisfactory sketch of the hero.

That he had travelled and lived in various parts of the Continent, his own admissions and familiarity with modern languages bore testimony. In conversation he at times casually alluded to years of boyhood spent at Bonn and Heidelberg, and seasons of wild frolic in the students' quarter of Paris; and he occasionally startled his auditors by preluding a good story with, "When I was in Spain;" or, "Some few years since, when I was taken, as a lad, to see Rome." If his words might be trusted, he had visited cities of North and South America, as well as seen the life of European courts. "Where haven't you been?" one of Buckmaster's pupils once said to him, with an admiring laugh. "Have you ever been a householder in Moscow?" To which inquiry he replied, in a perfectly simple and matter-of-fact manner, "I have been to a good many places, but have never seen Moscow. In Russia I never went further than St. Petersburg."

There was a mystery about Mr. Rupert Smith, which the simple lads whom he entertained with cigarettes and French wines in his Temple chambers—on a third floor in Essex Court—vainly endeavoured to penetrate. As a general rule, London students are not very curious about the history, parentage, and antecedents of their associates. They chum together from motives of affection, personal liking, or convenience; and life is so full of excitement and novel pleasures, that they have neither time nor inclination to pry into each other's family affairs. If Brown is known to be a gentleman by birth, to be the son of a distinguished father, to have property in expectation or possession, or to visit in the houses of great people, he enjoys a certain degree of *éclat* and meets with a certain amount of respect in consequence of his good fortune; but if it transpires that he is poor, or the son of an ill-starred adventurer, or labours under any sort of adversity, his cheery, easy-going, though perhaps not unselfish friends say, "What of that? He's a good fellow, and as it suits us to know him, we don't want to trouble ourselves about his private affairs." Student friends often live together for years without knowing or caring to know much of each other's histories.

But about Mr. Rupert Smith and his affairs, the where and when he was born, the particulars of his education, and the aims of his private ambitions, there was much curiosity. The most frequent observation of "his set" was, "He's a queer fellow; and none of us can exactly make him out."

If "parties" are, as Mr. Disraeli believes they are, necessary for the efficient working of Great Britain's much vaunted constitutional government, "sets" are not less necessary for the social happiness of freedom-loving Englishmen. From high to low, English society is divided into "sets"—eating, drinking, working, feasting, dancing, mourning, doing good, doing harm, conquering and being conquered in "sets." Of all his cherished institutions and most valued blessings there is not one which a thorough Englishman would sooner surrender than his "set." "Stick by those, sir, who stick to you," observed the greatest English moralist of the last century; and every worthy subject of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria acting on the maxim, cleaves to his "set," doing it all the good he conveniently can, and extracting from it all the advantage he possibly can. The word is used in every rank of English life. Some years since, when a distinguished military officer, of patrician birth, was summarily sent to prison by a courageous magistrate for having horsewhipped and driven over a policeman in Hyde Park, his gentle wife, who used to drive down daily from Mayfair to Coldbath Fields prison and comfort her lord under the ignominies of incarceration, expostulating with the governor of that retreat on the prevailing tone of "the press"—which persisted in praising the austere magistrate and censuring the offender—observed, with a bewitching air of surprise, "I cannot account for the acrimony of the gentlemen who write the articles in the newspapers; but it is very clear they hate our 'set.'" To the fair lady Britain's proud aristocracy was nothing more or less than one vast splendid "set," divided and subdivided, of course, into countless minor "sets," of which her own peculiar "set" was doubtless, in her estimation, the best and brightest of all. And what is true of London, east and west, is true of every country town and village in the land, where burghers drink punch in coteries, and humble artisans break up their spouting societies and Odd Fellows' clubs into cliques. Alike in councils and camps, the universal principle of "sets" asserts itself; the most undivided cabinet being nothing more than a coalition of "sets;" and the most harmonious "mess" in the Queen's army merely consisting of "sets," agreeing not to make war on each other. So capable, moreover, are "sets" of subdivision, that it is open to question whether the atomic theory can in any way be applied to them. At Oxford and Cambridge, a small college is sometimes found so broken up into "sets," that it contains almost as many cliques as it does sets of rooms; a beautiful process of social macadamisation having crushed and pounded it into the common-room set, and the non-common-room set, the High Church set, and the Low Church set, the dons' set, and the freshmen's set, the fast set, and the slow set, the hunting set, the boating set, the cricketing set, the free-thinking set, the hard-working set, the set that drives,

and the set that walks, the set that gives wines, and the set that indulges in tea, the set that keeps dogs and kills rats, and many other sets, to enumerate which would be tedious.

Mr. Rupert Smith had a set, of which he was the acknowledged chief, as well as a most popular member. The set was not large, for it did not in all embrace more than a dozen members; it was not distinguished, for though each of its members deemed himself worthy of social eminence, it consisted altogether of unknown men—half-a-dozen artists (who had formerly studied in John Buckmaster's academy), one or two law students, and two or three gentlemen who, like the captain of the set, had been called to the bar. It is in the nature of sets to drop old members, as a serpent casts its slough, when their devotion to the fraternity has lost its original enthusiasm, and to draw in novices yearning for social cohesion. Integral portions of Mr. Rupert's set, therefore, fell away, and were replaced by younger blood; but whatever changes the set underwent, Mr. Rupert still remained its captain, and its members steadily maintained an admiring curiosity about him. It is noteworthy, moreover, that no one ever left the clique on other than friendly terms with its leader. "He was a good fellow," every one said; "a droll, eccentric, imprudent fellow; a man who never let his acquaintance get very near him, notwithstanding his cordial manners—possibly a man who was not quite so sincere and open-hearted as he professed to be—but still unquestionably a charming companion, and a jolly good fellow." Members on the books, and members dropped off the books of the set, were alike confident that he was a jolly good fellow, and essentially a gentleman. Occasionally whispers would be heard—whispers originating with some cynical dropped member of the clique—that "Rupert Smith liked to be a great man amongst little men, enjoyed patronising and surprising his juniors, was something too thirsty for the worship of insignificant admirers; in short, that he was a vain devourer of adulation, and something of a charlatan;" but these sinister murmurings would always terminate in the old refrain—"Still he's unquestionably a charming companion, and a jolly good fellow." He was what is vaguely termed a favourite. Men liked him; the richer of his companions lending him money—Mr. Rupert could accept a loan with singular grace and ease—and with unruffled temper allowing him to take his own time for repayment.

But though Mr. Rupert Smith graciously condescended to make use of his adherents, he never rewarded them for their fidelity by implicit and unreserved confidence. Frank and cheery, he by turns flattered and laughed at them, played on their credulity, and amused them with a thousand whimsicalities; but after knowing him for years, they knew no more of him than they had known at the close of the first week of their acquaintance. Who his father was or had been, none could tell. Indeed, the general belief that he had descended from forefathers rested altogether on the induction which teaches that every human creature on the earth's surface must have had progenitors. How he contrived to live was a question of uncertainty with his associates, possibly with himself. That he had private property, no one believed; that he had debts,

every one was well aware, for he was very candid in his allusions to them; that he had some irregular and uncertain source of income, there were grounds for thinking; that he had some hold on good society, his membership of the Rhododendron Club, the fact that he had been presented at the Court of St. James's, and the careless intimations occasionally falling from his lips that he had personal intercourse with eminent people, were deemed conclusive evidence. But an *entree* to a fashionable *coterie* is not a means of income, and some means of income Mr. Rupert Smith unquestionably enjoyed, although he was pestered with duns, and was drolly communicative about the privations he endured in consequence of poverty. Some of his admirers, knowing him to be a man of artistic powers and literary culture, suspected that he secretly earned money with his pencil and his pen; and to this suspicion he gave a certain amount of countenance by admissions of speech and silence; but more acute and practical observers held that their accomplished friend's tradesmen would never be much enriched by his industry.

But of the friends who knew so little about him, no one knew less than his chosen intimate, Edward Smith.

It was, moreover, strange but true, that Edward Smith never came to be regarded as a member of the "set" who surrounded Mr. Rupert in his Temple chambers. The two Smiths were known to be very intimate, almost daily seeing each other; but it was a rare occurrence when Edward mounted to the third-floor chambers in Essex Court, though Rupert paid a visit to the third-floor chambers in Furnival's Inn at least every other day when he was in town. The "set"—especially those members of it who had been Buckmaster's pupils—accounted for this remarkable state of affairs by attributing coldness, reserve, and even hauteur to the young artist, whom they were pleased to regard as cherishing an inordinately high opinion of his own powers, and as not caring to ally himself closely with men above whom, in the arrogance of his self-sufficient nature, he meant, ere many years had passed, greatly to elevate himself. In giving this explanation, the "set," it is almost needless to remark, were greatly in fault; for though he was in some respects nervous and bashful, Edward was neither frigid nor self-confident. The fact was, Edward did not enter the Essex Court "set," for the simple reason that Rupert did not wish him to join it. Mr. Rupert Smith's purpose was to keep his clique and his friend apart; and to effect this purpose he did not hesitate to use a certain amount of subtlety and artifice.

To the "set," Mr. Rupert Smith would playfully observe, defending his friend against the charges just mentioned, "No, no, my lads, Edward is neither cold-blooded nor stuck-up; on the contrary, he is the warmest-hearted fellow imaginable; but whilst we are idle, careless dogs, letting each day take care of its own joy, and permitting the future to provide for its own evil, he is a prudent, plodding, painstaking child of caution, bent on working his way into the Academy. Leave him alone, as it is his mood to leave you alone. Anyhow, don't abuse him in my hearing, for he is my very dear friend. Indeed, I am not sure that I don't love him."

And to Edward the wily schemer would say, "I don't

care to have you waste your time by coming to my place when those noisy fellows are there. They amuse me—I am rather ashamed to own it—and they help to take off my hands time that would otherwise hang heavily; but you are too good for them. Moreover, Ned, I am jealous of your affection, and won't introduce you to men who may share it. When we are together, I like to have you all to myself. So keep here in your studio, working hard, and sowing seed that will one day spring up and produce a rare harvest of wealth and reputation; and I'll act the part of modest friend, paying my respects to you here, and not asking you to render back the questionable compliment by wasting precious time in the Temple. You'll be a great man one day, and shan't be taxed to show civility to us, who'll always be little ones."

What motives Mr. Rupert Smith had for exercising this delicate stratagem, the course of this story will perhaps show.

(To be continued.)

MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY IN RELATION TO RELIGION.

It is objected by Romanism, as against the right of private judgment, that it produces considerable divergence of opinion, and that if truth is to be abandoned to individual inquiry and individual apprehension, there can be no certain standard to measure and attest it. Hence, it is argued that the Bible is not of itself able to make us wise unto salvation, and that it cannot safely be committed to our ignorant constructions. It needs an infallible interpreter, and that interpreter is assumed to be the Church—the collective wisdom of popes, traditions, cardinals, and priests.

Now, it is not necessary to dwell at any length on this transparent fallacy, nor to waste time in debating the pretensions of this infallible interpreter. We need not urge the very awkward questions, What is it? where is it? what constitutes it? and wherein are we to find its conclusive expositions? These questions it would be found very hazardous to answer, and they bar the very threshold of the argument with insuperable difficulties in the way of those who disallow the liberty we claim; but we are not concerned to press them here, and have simply to observe that the Bible is in no way responsible for the variety of opinions professedly raised upon it, nor for the conflicting authorities professedly derived from it. In all that it is essential for us to know, it speaks but one language, and it speaks it intelligibly enough—so intelligibly, that a "wayfaring man,

though a fool, need not err therein." The fact is that few, comparatively speaking, trouble themselves about it, and it is just because the Bible is *not* consulted, nor the right of private judgment exercised upon it; because the record is not deferred to as the criterion of doctrine; because its plain teaching is distorted into unnatural concurrence with preconceived opinions, or, what is far more common, because it is rarely or never consulted at all. It is on these accounts that so many controversies and contradictions prevail, that Popery and other human inventions are current in the world, and that so many infallibles presumptuously declare, "The Lord hath said," albeit he hath not spoken."

These discordances, then, are not traceable to Scripture ambiguities, nor to the legitimate exercise of private judgment. Indeed, it so happens that nothing is easier than to induce even professing Protestants to forego this essential right. They, for the most part, prefer to receive their creed at second-hand than to seek for it in the Word of God, and are prone to hearken to themselves teachers, having itching ears. Independent thought and patient investigation are not common amongst us; they are far from being average effects of our responsible intelligence. Even in a general way, there are few who will take the trouble to think for themselves, and who are otherwise than satisfied to get others to think for them. Even the more reflective are apt to look for aid without themselves, and to depend, for the subject matter of thought, on what others may write or say. In spiritual things, this dependence is inevitable. In what relates to God and salvation, our conceptions, to be correct, cannot be original—and for this very sufficient reason, that they are not only inadequate, but perverted. It is in hearing what God the Lord doth say, it is as humble listeners at his footstool, and in no other way, that we can gather the materials for just thoughts about him. It is for him to declare himself, and for us to receive the testimony "to set to our seal that God is true." But this is precisely what men are indisposed to do. They are ready to listen to others, and to believe others, but they are unwilling to give credit to God. They prefer to get at truth in some other way. If self-sufficient, they betake themselves to guessing, or speculating, or dogmatising, or arguing; if humble enough to seek extrinsic aid, they have recourse to creeds, and canons, and councils—to

commentators, or prayer-books, or early fathers, or favourite preachers, or "public opinion"—or some other opinion equally cogent and reliable. Thus, unlike the Bereans, they do not "search the Scriptures daily to see whether the things that are told them are so;" and, unlike the Corinthians, their faith is made to "stand in the wisdom of men," and not "in the power of God."

But the question arises, Are we, then, independent of all help? Do the Scriptures need no interpreter? Is every one competent to understand and receive them, and is the truth thus accessible to all who approach it? There is an important sense in which it certainly is not, and it is very necessary that we should clearly understand to what extent our incapacity of apprehension reaches, and to what extent we need furtherance and aid. It is of the utmost importance for us to ascertain the amount and character of assistance we require, and the measure of responsibility to which we are consequently committed. We may so exaggerate the former as entirely to overlook what it is in our power to do, and we may so stretch and strain the latter as to lay on personal effort a greater burden than it can bear. It is both possible and necessary to avoid these two extremes.

Knowledge, as we must be aware, is not a single inspiration, but the result of mind in exercise; and it depends, moreover, on certain antecedent conditions of mental and moral aptitude necessary to secure it. Knowledge is an acquisition and not a faculty, though it is in the exercise of the faculty that the acquisition is achieved. Under another aspect, knowledge is an experience and not a susceptibility, though it is the presence of the susceptibility which ensures the experience. Where the mental perception fails, or the subject transcends capacity to grasp it, there can be no intelligent acquisition; and where the feeling is blunted, or the sympathies are repellant of a testimony or a truth, there can be no experience of its power on the understanding or the heart. Knowledge, therefore, in these two branches of realisation, depends upon adequate faculty and assimilating feeling, in both of which respects it is a melancholy fact that we fail egregiously of the prerequisites for a right apprehension of God. Man can have no intuitive knowledge of the great Unseen. "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." Indeed, it may safely be affirmed that, without a revelation, no creature has power to apprehend Him; for the Infinite is not approachable by the finite. There can be

no abstract capacity to "search out the Almighty to perfection," even in the angelic mind; and as to induction from facts, from the orderings of providence or the things that are made, they could further inquiry but a very little way. In this view, God is "unsearchable," and "his ways are past finding out." The faculty of a creature entirely fails to reach him, and all that can be gathered from the visible works of his Almighty hand is the conviction of "his eternal power and Godhead." There must be a "Word of the Lord," even where there is an "open vision," and he is seen in his unveiled glory. Even to the higher order of beings—even to the principalities and powers in heavenly places—he must manifest himself in more than his presence and his works; and the manifestation, in whatever mode it may be thus effected, will be the measure of the knowledge to be obtained. Hence the absolute necessity and unspeakable blessing of a revelation, and hence the assurance of the Apostle that, if the Jews had notable "advantage," it was "chiefly" because "unto them were committed the oracles of God."

But the angels of light stand in their integrity. They have kept their first estate. They are morally upright and intellectually unharmed, resplendent in all the properties of unfallen intelligence. They cannot know God intuitively, but they can know him to the full extent in which he is pleased to be revealed. Their minds are unbiassed by corruption, and their perceptions are unclouded by unbelief. Can this be said of our lapsed humanity? Can this be said of man, of him who was created originally in the image of God, and to whom he entrusted chief authority in this lower world? Unhappily, we are obliged to disallow the parallel. We are doubly committed in this connection, and need instruction under a twofold aspect. We need not only an external revelation in regard to the subjects of knowledge, but also an internal revelation to bring them home to our sympathies and spiritual apprehension. We require the truth, and we require something more besides it: we require a new heart and a right spirit to comprehend and receive it. Man has revolted from God; his mental powers and moral qualities are all perverted; his mind is darkened through the deceitfulness of sin, and he receives not the things of the Spirit of God, nor can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned—"the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Man, then, needs a teacher; but it is not a human teacher—a teacher supplied by personal preference or personal unconcern, by ecclesiastical assumption or laical superstition; but *the* Teacher, the only teacher who can apply the truth, give it saving effect, send it home to the awakened sensibilities, and remove that cataract from the spiritual eye which hinders

it from seeing and reading aright. We must be taught from above; the barred access to our moral perceptions must be unclosed; our "understanding must be opened to understand the Scriptures," ere we shall read them and apprehend them to the saving of the soul.

(To be continued.)

THE BRAVE DAUGHTER.

EVERY reader of English history knows that the closing period of King Charles II.'s reign was in the highest degree disastrous. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there was a general feeling of discontent and insecurity, caused by the oppressive measures of those in authority, until, at length, the state of things became insupportable, and men of patriotic feeling anxiously concerted measures for bringing about a change of government. Scotland had its full share in the miseries resulting from the misrule of the Stuarts; and when the landing of the Prince of Orange, and the Revolution which followed, put an end to the severities which had continued for several years, it was computed that above 1,800 had suffered death, exile, or imprisonment in that kingdom alone. Nor did this calculation take account of the desolation spread over the country by oppressive fines, assessments, and the lawless pillage of the licentious soldiery, by which whole districts were desolated.

Those were indeed evil times to live in. It was hardly possible to be secure from prosecution; masters were held liable for their servants, landlords for their tenants, fathers for their wives and children, and the young shared the dangers and sufferings from which even their tender years did not exempt them. Oppression, bloodshed, and spoliation everywhere prevailed. Numerous instances are recorded of the sufferings inflicted upon the families of those who were supposed to be disaffected to the Government; and, among these, there is none more remarkable than the case of Sir Patrick Hume, a Berwickshire gentleman of large fortune, and known to be zealously attached to the Established Church of Scotland, and a Whig in politics. He had long been regarded with suspicion, and at length, in the month of November, 1684, he was denounced as guilty of treason; and his life being thus endangered, there was no method of safety but in flight or concealment.

He was at that time forty-three years of age, and had a wife and ten children, all young, and living together in his house, at Redbraes, in the Merse. When it was discovered that he had made his escape, and that his family were thus left without defence, the officers of justice arrested his eldest son, Patrick, a mere lad, whom they carried off to prison. The poor young fellow was in the greatest distress, and, on the 26th of December, he petitioned the Privy Council, setting forth the piteous condition of the family, now deprived of their father, and threatened with the loss of their estate. In touching terms he urged that he was "but a poor, afflicted, young boy," who could do no harm to the State, even were he so disposed, but that, in truth, he cherished loyal principles, and had no inclination to share in any plots or

undertakings against the Government. All that he begged was to be released from prison, and permitted to return to his "disconsolate mother and the rest of his father's ten starving children." Poor youth! We may imagine that these cares and sorrows weighed heavily upon him, and that his heart brooded full of anxious thoughts as he penned this petition. His plea was granted; but he was not released until he had first obtained security for his good behaviour in the sum of £2,000.

And where, meantime, is the father of the family—Sir Patrick himself? His place of concealment is not far distant from his mansion, yet none would ever have sought him there; for who would have looked for the living among the dead? He had taken refuge in the family burial vault, under the east end of the parish church of Polwarth, and in that gloomy sanctuary he remained during a whole winter month. Fire was out of the question there; and the only light that visited this dreary abode was through a slit or loop-hole in the wall. In the short winter's day even that glimmering ray was soon gone, and then ensued the hours of darkness. He had, however, a bed and bed-clothes, and with this sole comfort he contrived to sustain his prolonged captivity, without any sort of entertainment to beguile the tedium of the day, save his own reflections and the repetition of the Psalms of David, most of which the good man had, happily, long since learned by heart. What a solace were those Divine songs to him in that season of fear and sorrow! Oh, it is well to store the memory early with Scripture, and thus to be provided with a supply of the heavenly manna of which no adverse circumstances can deprive us. If the young reader will make a point of learning one "daily text," he will, before long, have a rich treasury of the sacred Word at command, and the time will assuredly come when he will rejoice in the happy results of such a habit.

I said Sir Patrick had no resource to relieve the tedium of the day save his own reflections and the Psalms he had learned by heart. With the night there came a sweet and welcome visitor to cheer and comfort him and to supply him with food. This was no other than his little daughter Grizzle, a young girl who seems to have acted the part of a heroine in this hour of need. Her love for her father made her courageous, and nerved her against all the childish fears she once had. For, we are told, she had been used to feel a terror of a churchyard, especially after dark—no uncommon thing at her age, when the young are often alarmed by idle nursery-stories; now, all these imaginary terrors were given to the winds, and she stumbled over the graves every night, with no other feeling in her heart save anxiety lest the soldiers, or others in search of her father should track her steps. This idea made her tremble at the rustling of a leaf or the least noise. The minister's house was not far from the church, and she had to pass close by it. The first night she went, the dogs kept up such a barking when she approached, as made the poor child quake, being in the utmost dread of a discovery. Happily, she got past the yard without any one having come out. The next day she had an interview with the minister, and contrived, on some pretext, to get the animals removed from the place they had been in the night before, so as to

leave her way unobstructed. Thus was one source of anxiety removed. Another great difficulty was, how to get enough provisions without the servants suspecting they had been purloined. The only way it was possible to do it was by secretly taking the food off her plate at dinner, and slipping it into her lap. She used to tell, in after-days, many a diverting story about the manner she contrived to do this. Her father, she knew, liked sheep's head (a favourite Scotch dish, however unpalatable it may seem to English taste), and one day, while the younger children were eating their broth, Grizzle had contrived to convey the greatest part of one into her lap. She had scarcely completed this manoeuvre, when her little brother Sandy (afterwards Lord Marchmont), having finished his broth, cast his eyes upon the dish, and saw with amazement what inroads had been made upon its contents. "Mother," he cried, "will ye not look at Grizzle? While we have been supping our broth, she has ate up the whole sheep's head!" This made much merriment among the children, and at night, when the clever little thief carried off her booty to her father, they laughed heartily together as she described poor Sandy's dismay. Sir Patrick pitied the little fellow's disappointment, saying, "He is as fond of sheep's head as I am, and must have his fair share next time."

Night after night did this excellent little maiden share her father's confinement, staying with him as long as she could, so as to get home before day, and planning with him how to manage, as speedily as possible, to get him released from that doleful place of concealment. This was no easy business. They had, however, one faithful dependant on whom they were able to rely; and, with the assistance of this man, the affair was thus contrived:—In one of the rooms on the ground floor, there was a bed which drew out, and the idea occurred to Grizzle and her mother that it might be possible to make a hole under the bed large enough to conceal Sir Patrick in. To effect this, she and the man, in the night-time, went to work, after lifting the boards, to scoop out the earth beneath, which they did by scratching it away with their hands, as they durst not make any noise. Poor Grizzle worked so hard that she had scarcely a nail left upon her fingers! The man carried the soil away, as they dug it out, in a sheet upon his back, she helping him out at the window into the garden. He then made a box at his own house, large enough for his master to lie in, with bed and bedding, and holes were bored in the sides to admit the air. At length, when all was finished, and the box safe in the hole, the poor child felt almost overjoyed at the thought of having her beloved father once more under his own roof, and released from the gloomy abode of the dead. But another anxiety now presented itself. The place was so low that they feared the water might rise into the hole, and therefore judged it necessary to make the trial for several days before they ventured to fetch their prisoner home. Grizzle herself took charge of the key, and daily examined the place they had dug, and the holes for air, which she kept clean picked; and all continuing dry, Sir Patrick at length returned home, having this place of refuge to trust to. He had not, however, been in the house more than a week or two, when, one day, as they were lifting the boards to examine the place as usual, the bed bounced to the top, the box

being full of water. The poor girl nearly fell to the ground with terror, for this was, at that time, their only place of security. But her father, with great composure, said to his wife and daughter that he saw the time was come when he must make up his mind to leave them, as it was clear he could no longer remain with any probability of safety there. And this resolution was confirmed, when the carrier, who came next day, brought the news that Mr. Baillie, of Jerviswood, a great friend of Sir Patrick's, had just been executed in Edinburgh, under circumstances of the greatest aggravation. During twenty months he had been kept imprisoned, and being in a most languishing state of health, his illness threatened speedily to become fatal. His poor wife had begged for leave to attend on him, saying she was willing to be put in irons if they feared an escape, but her request was denied; nor would they suffer his daughter, a girl of twelve years old, to be with him, even when he was so low that it appeared he could not survive many days.

As all intercourse by letters was dangerous, Sir Patrick's family had known nothing of all this, and the tidings were the more distressing, because unexpected. They immediately set about preparing for his going away. Grizzle worked night and day in making some necessary alterations in his clothes for the purposes of disguise. They were at length obliged to break the matter to John Allan, their groom, who fainted away when he was told that his master was concealed in the house, and that he must set off on horseback with him on the morrow, before daybreak, and pretend to the rest of the servants that he had orders to sell some horses at Morpeth fair. So, the next day, while it was yet dark, Sir Patrick took to flight, being obliged to make his escape from a window in one of the stables. Sorrowful as was the parting between the fugitive and his beloved ones, yet, when he was once gone, they could not but feel thankful that he had got away safely, and they took comfort in commending him to the protection of their heavenly Father.

It was not long before they rejoiced indeed over his escape; for he had not quitted the house more than a few hours when a party of troopers presented themselves with a search-warrant, and proceeded to examine very narrowly every corner of the mansion and the grounds; they satisfied themselves at length that the object of their pursuit had eluded their grasp; but it seems they contrived to learn that two horses had gone that morning from the stables, and, following up this clue, they hastened in pursuit. Meanwhile, Sir Patrick, whose thoughts were wholly absorbed with the many cares that pressed on him, laid the bridle on his horse's neck, and, without thinking whether he was going, gave himself up to his reflections. At length he found himself on the banks of the Tweed, out of his road, and at a place not fordable. He looked around for his servant, but could see nothing of him; so, after pausing and stopping a long while, he managed to get over the river and to reach the road on the opposite side, where, after some time, he met the man, John Allan, who evinced the utmost delight at seeing him. He told his master that, as he rode first, he had concluded he was following him, as they had agreed upon, until, at length, hearing a noise of

the galloping of horses, he looked around, and missed him. The horsemen he had heard presently came up, and, immediately stopping, cross-examined him closely. But he was too sharp for them, and managed to evade their questions so skilfully that they were convinced he knew nothing of the fugitive, and, accordingly, left him.

On hearing of this marvellous escape, Sir Patrick lost no time in quitting the highway, and, taking to bridle-roads and cross-paths, contrived to make his way to a place of safety, from which, two days later, he sent back his servant to convey the joyful tidings to his anxious family, who had been trembling with terror lest he should have fallen into the hands of his pursuers.

In the end, Sir Patrick got off safely to Holland, whence he returned with the Prince of Orange, and afterwards took a high place in the councils of his country in happier times. Throughout the whole period of his troubles and dangers he had preserved a constant composure and cheerfulness of mind, and these characterised him to the end of his long life, which was protracted to the age of eighty-four. His daughter Grizzle partook, to a great degree, of her father's high spirit and equanimity. She afterwards married, and had a fair young daughter, who, in an interesting memoir, has related the particulars we have just read, and which she had learned from the lips of her mother.

Such a tale as this may well make us thankful that we live in happier times. Nor ought we to forget how highly God has blessed our country with that which, when rightly employed, ennoble men and exalts a nation—namely, their civil and religious liberty.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

TIME WAS—but I have spent the past
In hopes that bloomed to fade as fast
In idle dreams of happiness,
In vanity, in nothingness.
And retrospection's eye, when cast
O'er the drear ocean of the past,
Sees, in perplexed confusion tost,
Weeks, days, and hours, and moments lost;
While memory on her height sublime,
Sits brooding o'er the wreck of Time!

TIME IS—the only gem we save,
The single pearl from life's dark wave,
Which they who wisely seize, shall cast
No sad remembrance on the past;
Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
They who the present moment prize,
Who gladly 'scape the troubled sea
Of perilous uncertainty;
And spurning folly's specious vow,
Cling to that rock of safety—Now!

TIME SHALL BE—but the future lies
Beyond the ken of mortal eyes;
No seer attends its temple pale,
And none may pierce or lift the veil.
Ah! woe is he, whose clouded eye,
Fixed only on mortality,
Sees not Time's dark and narrow sea,
Fast rolling to eternity;
But haunts its solitary shore,
And waits till—TIME SHALL BE NO MORE!

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.—“*So Christ was once offered.*”—Heb. ix. 25.—
“*By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.*”—Heb. x. 14.

Nothing can be plainer and more conclusive than St. Paul's argument, in connection with those passages, to prove that, in the strict sense of the words, we have but *one priest*, and, likewise, but *one sacrifice*, under the Gospel dispensation. And, according to the true idea of a propitiatory sacrifice, and of a priest that reconciles sinners to God, the terms *sacrifice* and *priest* cannot be applied to any acts of our worship, or to any order of men upon earth.

To think of offering Christ again as a sacrifice is, in effect, to put ourselves in the same condition with the unbelieving Jews—that is, to need a repetition of the same sacrifices, which is the very reason why the Apostle denied the efficacy of them.

The perfection of Christ's sacrifice makes the often repeating of it needless; it may be often commemorated, but only “once offered.”

B.—Does not this passage overturn the notion of purgatory? “*We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord.*”—2 Cor. v. 8.

As the parable of “The rich man and Lazarus” (Luke xvi. 19) relates to the invisible world, it may be considered as an illustration of the doctrine enunciated by the apostle. In this parable not the least hint is given of a “purgatory,” a middle state of suffering, in which the temporal punishment of sins not expiated in this life is carried on, for a longer or shorter period, until the day of judgment. Had such a state existed in his day, we may very reasonably suppose the rich man would have made ample provision for the redemption of his soul; or if he had neglected that precaution, his request would have been for a message to be sent to his brethren to take the necessary steps to procure his release. The rich man's sin was not, as classified by the Church of Rome, a “mortal sin,” that kind of sin for which the transgressor must “go to hell for all eternity;” and, therefore, if there were such a place as purgatory, he would have been found there.

The sacrifice of the mass holds the chief place in the methods devised by the Church of Rome for the release of souls out of her purgatory; and a priest, in offering up and consuming this so-called “sacrifice,” is presumed to perform a true act of priesthood by reconciling sinners to God, so that he will be gracious to those souls for whom these “masses” have been procured.

All that the Scriptures have delivered to us concerning the Eucharist, represents it as a “communion,” the action of several, in which the priest had no special share beyond that of officiating. Whereas, the Church of Rome makes of this “communion” a “private eating,” and the dead are presumed to be benefited by a priest hired to eat for them.

We may object to this doctrine of a purgatory, that, in effect, it asserts that “with God there is a respect of persons:” inasmuch as the sinner is not detained or re-

leased according to the measure of his iniquities, but according to his ability to provide the means of release. If rich, he is able to procure masses; and if poor, no such provision can be made.

Moreover, a priest cannot tell the number of masses that will suffice for the release of any particular soul; consequently, masses may be repeated for souls already at liberty, or masses may be discontinued short of the number required, and, therefore, they will have been only "vain repetitions."

Moreover, the release of the soul will depend upon the faithfulness of the priest engaged to say masses, whereas instances of unfaithfulness to this trust have been frequent.

In the last place, if masses for the dead are necessary, the absolution of a priest at the time of their departure will be a delusion; for why should masses be said for souls already absolved, and so for ever set free from guilt and pains?

AN UNFORGIVING TEMPER.

THE following illustration of an unchristianlike spirit was related by the late Rev. James Sherman:—

Two sisters had come to Reading possessed of considerable private fortune, who for some years have shown me and my family great attention, and have administered largely to our comforts. One of them died; but the elder survived, and resided in the house next to mine. A private entrance permitted both families to meet at morning and evening prayer. For this service she presented me with £100 per annum—to me a very valuable addition to my income. She had somehow conceived the idea that I had promised that as long as she lived I would not leave Reading. No protestation of mine availed to shake that conviction. Nor would she for a moment listen to any plans for a joint residence in the suburbs of London, where she had formerly resided. No arguments about the superior claims of so large a congregation as that at Surrey Chapel, and the probability, under the circumstances, of the congregation of Reading becoming less numerous, and, by the absence of leading men, less influential, would she receive or try to comprehend. She showed me her will, in which she had bequeathed £1,500 to each of my three children, and £2,000 to myself, besides making me residuary legatee, which would have put into my possession much more than that sum. She had passed her eighty-second year, and was afflicted with a disease which rendered it impossible that her life could be long protracted. Every plea and argument that I could urge was met by her simply taking this will, which she carried in her pocket, holding it up to me, and saying, "You know how you are interested in this document; the moment that you decide to leave Reading I will cancel this will." Relatives and friends whom I consulted urged upon me the interests of my children, and that, as it was probable that her life would be short, I had better remain where I was, especially as I was so useful there, and Surrey was unfriended ground. I confess that, for a short time, the struggle was great; but when I considered that the inducement was merely an increase of wealth, and that, so far

as I could judge, the voice of God called me to Surrey, I dared not hesitate. Moreover, I considered that the bequest was founded upon a misrepresentation, and that after all she might alter her mind, and dispose of her property in another way. On the one hand, I conscientiously thought that by removing I should be obeying the will of God; while on the other, whatever I might gain by pleasing my old friend, I should possess it with a sting and a curse. After commending the whole case to God, therefore, I went to her to show her the grounds upon which I had arrived at the decision to leave Reading. She heard me for a little while, and then said, "Then I am to understand that you have made up your mind to go to Surrey? Here is my will—I have no further use for it;" and putting it into the fire, she added, "There, now, I do not want to see your face any more until the day of judgment." Nor will she; for, although I offered her my hand at parting, which she would not take, and made two efforts to bid her farewell, she steadfastly refused to see me, and about sixteen months afterwards she died at Bath, unhappy, and unsubdued in her resentment.

NOTES FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD SPOONER, M.A., VICAR OF HESTON.*

No. 2.—A VISIT.

I AM fully persuaded that sick persons are often conscious of what passes around them, even when they seem to us to be perfectly unconscious, and even after they have lost all power of motion, and therefore all opportunity of expressing their feelings to us. Acting upon this conviction, I never lose an opportunity of praying by the bed-side of the sick, even when the patient is himself apparently unconscious; and not only in my form of expression do I pray for, but pray with the sufferer. A very remarkable confirmation of this impression was given me by a brother clergyman, in whose experience the following occurrence happened.

As he was passing one day down a street, a woman stopped him, and asked him to come in and see her husband, who was dangerously ill. He entered, and found a man suffering from typhus fever stretched on his bed, in a state of coma. Turning to the poor woman, he asked her why she had not called him in before he became thus insensible, saying, "Of course I can be of no use now."

The poor woman assured him that "her Jack was such an awful blackguard, he would never let any one come near him, and hated the very name of a parson."

"Well, my good woman, I am sorry to hear that; all that is now left to us is to pray for him."

They knelt down, and the clergyman prayed earnestly, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated very slowly and deliberately, and then rose and left the house. The man continued insensible all that day and all the next, but at length, to the surprise of all, he suddenly recovered his faculties. He called his wife, and his first words were—

"Molly, I've had a visitor."

"You have, Jack," said his wife.

* "Parson and People." Seeley and Co., 54, Fleet Street.

"Who was it, Molly?"

"The parson, Jack," cried the trembling woman.

"The parson; and he said, 'Our Father.' Them were the words my mother taught me, and it would have been well had I minded them. Molly, I must see that man again."

The parson was quickly fetched. He repeatedly visited the man, who lingered on for a long time, and who, when he died, was to all appearance a most humble and devout penitent.

An occurrence somewhat similar happened once to myself. I had been away from home for a few hours, and on my return heard that poor little Willy S——, one of my Sunday-scholars, had been run over by a wagon, and was fearfully hurt. I went off to see him, and found that he had been with the squire's team to —, to fetch grains for the cattle, and that, as he was coming down a steep hill, the wagoner having stopped behind at a public-house, the load had pressed upon the horses till they had begun to trot, and, as the boy was trying to stop them, had knocked him down, and the wheel had gone over his leg, crushing it sadly. The foolish wagoner, frightened terribly by the accident, had picked him up and put him in the cradle behind the wagon, and driven him home, a distance of more than five miles, without ever attempting to stop the blood; and the jolting of the mangled limb, with the great loss of blood, had reduced the boy very low. A surgeon was, however, in attendance, and he was full of hope of saving both life and leg. He dressed the wounds, and promised to call again about nine o'clock. I spent some little time with the lad, as he was very anxious that I should read the Bible and pray with him, but I would not let him speak too long, as quiet was essential. About nine o'clock at night a rap came at my door, and the surgeon who was attending the boy was announced. He apologised for calling, but said that he had found the little lad much worse, and that the only hope he had of saving his life was to amputate the limb in the morning, provided the little sufferer was strong enough to bear the operation. He was anxious, however, to have the assistance of a famous operator, who lived a few miles off, and wanted to know whether I would speak to the squire about the matter, as he was not personally acquainted with him. Hearing his request, I asked him to accompany me to the Hall, which was about a mile off, and we walked together across the park. The squire immediately dispatched a groom to request Mr. F—— to meet the surgeon at the lad's house at seven o'clock in the morning. We then parted; and, on returning home, I called again on little Willy. He was worse, very feverish, and a little delirious. He knew me, however, and asked me to pray with him. I did so, and then endeavoured to comfort his father and mother, whose grief was extreme. It was past eleven when I left the house. About five o'clock next morning I was awakened by some stones being thrown against my window, and, looking out, I saw my friend Polly, the village nurse. She told me Willy was dying, and wanted to see me. I dressed, and hastened up to his house. The poor lad was indeed dying; gangrene had set in, and had spread, not only over the wound, but over the whole leg and lower parts of the stomach. He knew me at once; his arms were round his mother's neck; he was trying to

comfort her, and bidding her not to cry, for he was going to Jesus. The sight was overpowering. I knelt down and prayed. He followed my prayers for a while, and then gradually sunk back; the face dropped, the eyes were set, and he was to all appearance gone. The poor mother was frantic; with difficulty I got her out of the room, and with difficulty kept her down stairs while the necessary offices were performed. At last Polly came down, and said we might go up stairs again. We went; the lad was laid out, his eyes were closed, a handkerchief was round his head, his hands were pressed by his side; the calm of death was there. The mother was more frantic than ever; her shrieks were terrible; it was useless to speak, so, taking her hand, I knelt down again. She also knelt.

"I can't pray! I can't pray!" she cried.

I prayed. She was restless for awhile, but at last a violent burst of tears relieved her. I continued praying, and had commenced the Lord's Prayer, when Polly, who knelt by my side, shrieked out—

"Look at the lad, look at the lad!"

I looked. He had raised himself up in bed; and, as far as the handkerchief would allow, was endeavouring to repeat the Lord's Prayer. His eyes were open, but the hue of death was still there. The shock appalled us, but, commanding myself with a violent effort, I went on. Willy followed me in every petition, but with the Amen his eyes once more closed, and he fell back a very corpse.

I must not, however, conclude this tale without telling a little story about Willy's mother. The lad died on Friday, and the friends wished the funeral to take place about the next Wednesday or Thursday; nor would they listen to me when I told them that he ought to be buried as quickly as possible. The most I could induce them to do was to put him in his coffin on Saturday night. On Sunday morning about six o'clock, Polly again appeared. My expectations were realised: it was needful to bury the body that day; but Mrs. S. had no money in the house; her husband was only paid once a month, "Would I lend her a sovereign?" Of course, the money was forthcoming, as a loan, though I looked upon it as a gift. Within a fortnight afterwards I was taken suddenly ill, and was obliged to leave my parish, give up all ministerial work, especially that sphere of duty, and commence a dreary search after health. Nine months had elapsed before I was permitted to return, even on a visit; but, when I did go back, as I was taking a walk up the street on the afternoon of my arrival, I heard a voice shouting after me, "Parson, Parson." Turning round, I saw Willy's mother coming hastily towards me.

"Oh, I'm mortal glad to see ye; I've wanted so to get out of your debt. Here's the money; I've had it in my pocket tied up in the corner of a handkerchief this eight months, and now you maun tak it."

I did take the money; and was about to slip it into my pocket without counting it, when the poor woman said—

"It's all reet, it's all reet; but I guess there's a sixpence over to coom back to me."

I counted it, and sure enough there was twenty shillings and sixpence; an odd number of half-crowns and shillings having made up the extra sum.

While on this subject, permit me to add, that it

were well if our wealthier classes were as particular in the matter of debt as the better sort of the poor are. Many, of course, are utterly reckless, and, like the notorious Lord Alvanley, look on "all they can run in debt in the year as so much clear annual income;" but with a large body of them it is far otherwise. They hate and dread debt, and their proudest boast is, "that they owe nothing." The very day on which I am writing this I have had a remarkable proof of this feeling. I called on a journeyman blacksmith's wife, who had been ailing all winter, and found, to my surprise, that she was gone out pea-picking, though the afternoon was very wet. Her daughter, who lived with her, said, "I think mother must be clean mad to dream of it." I thought so too, and was just leaving the house when the mother appeared. I asked her whether she was mad or not, and told her seriously that she was risking her life by what she was doing. The poor woman burst into tears, and said—

"Only God and my own heart know my circumstances; and my circumstances drive me to it. My husband lost no time in the winter, but it was illness brought me down, as his money was little, and so I got behindhand a long way, and I cannot abear the thought any one should suffer through me."

"Yes, but you may kill yourself by exposure."

"I know it, but I should die out of debt, and I could not abide to die with the thought that any one were any the worse, in what was rightly their own, for me."

One has spoken much of death, but ever as yet of the bright side of death. It must not, however, be supposed that we do not often meet with him as the "king of terrors." We sometimes hear the terrible voice of despair, the fore-echoes of judgment. There was a tradesman in the parish who was an easy, good-natured, civil fellow, but a thoroughly careless, thoughtless man. He had an excellent wife, a really handsome, but at the same time a clean, industrious, and striving woman. He had also the six prettiest children in the whole village, five of whom were the very gems of our parochial schools. The eldest of these children was about twelve years of age, the youngest a baby yet at the breast.

One hot June day, as I was coming down the village, I saw a crowd round the door. As it was wake-week, this did not at all surprise me; but, as I drew near, I saw through the open door that some men were carrying a seemingly senseless body up stairs. I pushed my way through the gaping mob, and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, sir, Mr. — is killed, or nearly so."

I went up-stairs, and saw the tradesman just laid on his bed—alive, indeed, but frightfully crushed and wounded. It was but the work of a moment to cut his stock off, open his waistcoat and shirt-collar, loose his waist-band, raise his head up, and call to the people to open the window, and allow him all the air he could possibly get.

"Has the doctor been sent for?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did this happen?"

"He met his man coming home with a load, sir, and took the lead of the horses himself; and as he brought it down the hill, just above the house, the wagon swung suddenly, knocked him down, and crushed him."

Poor fellow! he was still insensible. The doctor came in, looked at him, shook his head, and ordered the room to be cleared, asking me, however, to remain and help him. I remained; the body was examined, and the amount of the injuries ascertained. The wounds were fearful.

"Is there any chance, doctor?"

"Very little indeed; but we must dress his wounds."

This was done; and, by the aid of some strong restoratives, the poor man was brought to consciousness. We asked him how he felt.

"Very bad," was the reply.

I spoke some few words to him; he shook his head, and, gazing steadily at me, said—

"He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. I have known it all my life, and have never done it."

I opened my Bible, and read a few verses. He listened, but only shook his head. I prayed by him; again he shook his head, and again the same terrible words were repeated.

The doctor, who had left the room, now returned, and, calling me on one side, said—

"J—— is terribly hurt. I have done all I can, and must now leave him; but is there any one who can really watch him?"

"No one," I said, "that I know of; but I will stay with him."

"Will you? I'll call again at seven."

"Do; but tell me first what to do with him."

Accurate directions were given, and the doctor left, his parting words being, "He must be kept quiet, and the house must be kept quiet also; the least noise might cost his life."

As soon as the doctor was gone, I dispatched a boy for a woman, on whose nerve, courage, and coolness as a nurse I could thoroughly rely, and, making arrangements with her, I went down stairs. The house was full of holiday folk—private friends, who had come from a distance, and who, of course, were doubly excited by the accident. To calm these persons, to point out to them how essential quiet was, was no easy task; however, by a little good-temper and firmness it was accomplished, and the house was cleared.

The poor patient was still quite himself and quite sensible; but, over and over again, with differing depths of earnestness, we heard the same moan—

"He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. I have known it all my life and I have never done it."

To change this current of thought, or to check it, was clearly impossible; there remained but one other course, namely, to attempt to modify or to divert it into a fresh current.

Very slowly, and from time to time, I repeated sundry verses of Scripture, and some well-known hymns; and once or twice I gently prayed that the all-merciful Master would, for his Son Jesus' sake, visit and pardon this sin-stricken soul. Earnest attention was given to my words; earnestly were my prayers joined in; but, as soon as they were over, the old moan broke out again with terrible distinctness.

At eight the doctor came; the symptoms were declared a little better. Accurate directions as to the dressing of the wounds, and the necessary arrangements for the night, were given, and he left, promising to call very early next morning.

Before he went, however, he entreated me to try again and again, but very quietly, to rouse the mind to some better hope, as he considered the mental depression must tell unfavourably on the body.

At nine o'clock I again went down-stairs, saw that the house and shop were properly shut up, and returned to my watch. The nurse aided me to dress the wounds, and re-arrange the sufferer in bed, and then, at my request, went to lie down in a neighbouring room, to catch a little sleep, till her help should be again needed. The sufferer lay quite still, and dozed awhile; but, ever and again, he started from his doze with the same mournful cry. I read, I prayed; my efforts seemed to quiet him for a moment or two, but the calm was of very short duration. He was too weak for argument, too weak to be directly spoken to for any length of time, so I was forced to listen to his cry.

About half-past three o'clock in the morning, just as the dawn of the longest day began to break, footsteps approached the room. I started up; it was the poor wife, who entered. She had been kept from the room because she was so terribly excited that her very presence was dangerous, and had been induced to go to bed; but now, having partly dressed, and put on a dressing-gown, she had made her way to where her husband lay.

The sick man was just then asleep. She gazed earnestly at him, and burst out into a flood of tears and lamentations. It was in vain to attempt to soothe her; she refused to be comforted; so, taking her arm with a kind of gentle violence, I drew her from the room. She staggered rather than walked across the passage, and, pushing open a bed-room door, sat down on the side of a bed. What a sight was there! Two large, old-fashioned four-post beds nearly filled up the room; their heavy draperies hung in quaint festoons around them; while on them lay the children—the three girls in one, the two boys in the other. As the night was intensely hot, both groups of children had cast off all the clothes, and lay clad in nothing but their little night-dresses. Twined partly in each other's arms, and yet partly lying in the attitudes of those who felt the heat, they presented as beautiful a picture of sleeping childhood as the eye ever saw.

The mother gazed on them. Her baby was in her arms, and actually at her breast; and then, bursting into hysterical tears, and rocking herself backwards and forwards, she began to cry out—

"What shall I do! what shall I do! Six such beautiful children, and the father a-dying! Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

I stood by the open door. With one eye I could see the mother in her despair; with the other the father in his agony. The noise had awakened him. In the one room there was a candle standing on the table at which I had been writing; in the other, the grey dawn, streaming through the open window, gave the only light. From the one came the sharp cry, "What shall I do! what shall I do! Six such beautiful children, and the father a-dying!" from the other, the low moan, "He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. I've known it all my life, and have never done it." Thank God, the children slept; but it was long ere I could in any way quiet their poor mother. At last she went off into another bed-room; and, as she told me afterwards, "was

so stupefied with grief, that she fell asleep." I returned to my post; and, when I had let the surgeon in, at about six o'clock, and had wakened the nurse to help him, I left the house for awhile. As I left, I could not help exclaiming, "Pray God I may never pass such another night!"

THE SABBATH MORN.

SWEET is the Sabbath morn, when Nature seems
Cheer'd with sadder skies and holier beams;
When in each flowery dale and sunny plain
Celestial peace and hallow'd silence reign.
The herds have ceased their lowing on the hill;
Beside the brook the shepherd's pipe is still;
The woodman's axe rings through the grove no more,
And for a while the harvest work is o'er;
The village church sends forth its warning bell,
And leaves its echo still by stream and dell;
Old men and youths have left their sports and care,
And journey, free of heart, to seek the house of prayer;
Onward to travel in the heavenly road,
To lift the soul, and give the day, to God!
Each bird that warbles on the flowery spray
Seems to sing sweeter on this sacred day;
Each wind that murmurs in the leafy trees
Seems like the whisper of a heaven-sent breeze;
Each tree that waves its green arms in the air
Seems bending downward in its morning prayer;
And every blessed thing seems doubly blest
Beneath the sunshine of this day of rest.
But, though in every scene can Nature please,
Yet there are pleasures greater far than these:
Enter ye fabric on the rising ground,
And taste the joys which only there are found;
There Christians throng, with quick and willing feet,
And on each Sabbath day in close communion meet,
To pray, and praise, and hear salvation's word,
Within the dwelling of their much-lov'd Lord.
There, as each bosom glows with Glial love,
Blessings unnumber'd from the heaven above,
Gently, like dew upon the herb, distil,
And every heart in rich diffusion fill.
There wearied souls from all their trouble cease,
And sorrowing mourners find the paths of peace;
And hearts where sin, with all its legions, strove
Are made the temples of the heavenly Dove!
The loads of care which crush'd the burden'd breasts
Are there exchanged for hours of sacred rest:
Breaks the hard heart, and bends the stubborn knee,
And pride pours forth the tear of meek humility!
Sweet is the Sabbath morn! oh, may I ne'er,
When Christ's disciples meet, be absent there:
But with them all his faithfulness make known,
His sufferings plead, and all His mercies own;
Still looking upward to that bright hill's crest,
Where all is love, and every soul is blest;
Eternal Sabbath and perpetual morn,
And light and life that happy land adorn—
Christ to that land went up, upon a Sabbath morn!

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Readings for Spare Moments.

HINT TO SCEPTICS.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was a sincere believer in revelation; and one day, when Dr. Halley had uttered some loose expressions, with regard to religion, in his company, Sir Isaac reproved him in these strong terms:—"Dr. Halley, when you talk about philosophy and mathematics, I always hear you with pleasure, because these are subjects with which you are well acquainted; but I must beg that you will say nothing about Christianity, for it is a subject you have never studied; I have, and I know that you know nothing of the matter."

DEISM.

THE greatest unbelievers generally believe much more than they are willing to acknowledge. This, in the opinion of Hume, was the case with Rousseau; for the former being met by a friend in the park, shortly after the arrival of the philosopher from France, the friend observed that Hume must be particularly happy in his new associate, their sentiments being nearly similar. "Why no, man," replied Hume; "in that you are mistaken. Rousseau is not what you think him; he has a hankering after the Bible, and, indeed, is little better than a Christian—in a way of his own."

WORKING FOR OTHERS.

THE late Mr. John Croumbie, of Haddington, some time before his death, calling on one of his customers, his friend said unto him, "I am sure, Mr. Croumbie, you need not care for business." He replied, "It is true, my friend; but, if I were to give over business, I should not be so able to assist the various societies that are formed for diffusing the knowledge of the Gospel throughout the world."

FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.

FAITH is the link that binds me to my Saviour; good works the link that binds me to my fellow-men. Faith is the light of the soul; love is the mirror in which it is reflected. The mind is the prism of faith; the heavenly ray falls on it, and we call the refraction by the names of "joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, and temperance." Faith without works is a vine without grapes; faith without love is the faith of demons. Faith is a fruit tree; and neither oaks nor elms, however full of leaf, are accounted fruit trees. Without faith it is impossible to please God; without good works it is impossible to attest its reality before men. Faith is the channel by which all that is pure and angelic is received into the soul; love is the overflowing of that fountain, which gushes out in benevolence and good-will to all. Faith sees with the eyes, feels with the heart, and works with the hands of love.

DRAW NEAR TO GOD.

THE way is open, the path is clear. Draw nigh to God who has given you Christ. Draw nigh through Christ whom he has given. Trust that he, who has given for you his Son, his only begotten, only beloved Son, will with him, and in him, give you all beside. Not only draw nigh, but dwell nigh; not only fix the mind, but keep it fixed on him. Do for him as he has done for you. Give him the best you have. Offer him a talent, you will receive a kingdom; cast into his treasury a mite, you will draw out a pearl of great price; light up for him a spark, you will be blazed upon by a sun; present to him, through Christ, the tribute of a heart, you will receive from him, through Christ, a rich recompense of reward—the recompense of his sufferings, which cannot be fathomed—the reward of his

obedience, which cannot be weighed. Yes, render to God a sinful but a contrite heart, and ye will receive from God a spotless, sinless, cloudless, changeless heaven.

THE EFFECT OF EXAMPLE.

LADY HUNTINGDON, with a very moderate income a year, did much for the cause of religion. She maintained the college she had erected at her sole expense; she erected places of worship in several parts of the kingdom; and she supported ministers who were sent to preach in various parts of the world. A minister of the Gospel and a person from the country once called on her ladyship. When they came out, the person from the country turned towards the house, and, after a short pause, exclaimed, "What a lesson! Can a person of her high rank and noble birth live in such a house, so meanly furnished? and shall I, a tradesman, be surrounded with luxury and elegance? From this moment I shall hate my house, my furniture, and myself, for spending so little for God, and so much in folly."

ARAB PROVERB.

By six qualities may an unwise man be known:—Anger without cause; speech without profit; change without motive; inquiry without an object; confiding in the unknown; and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

WOMAN'S VOCATION.

MINISTERING is woman's vocation. Be her talents what they may—capable of sweeping the heavens, with Mrs. Somerville; leading armies, with Joan of Arc; limning the landscape and its objects, with Rosa Bonheur; mastering the subtleties of political economy, with Miss Martineau; interpreting the subtleties of Shakespeare, with Mrs. Cowden Clarke; ranging the field of politics and literature, with Madame de Stael; or circumnavigating the globe, with Ida Pfeiffer—yet, if she have not sympathy, the brightest ornament, the chief gem in her crown, she is wanting in all that endears, that truly charms—the grace, the glory of woman.

EDUCATION.

THERE is a fact in natural history, known to those acquainted with birds, that if you take the young one of those totally devoid of song from the nest, when only two or three days old, and bring it up beside the cage of another bird, of a class distinguished for melody and execution, the bird will have none of its own imperfect notes, but will emulate and acquire a great portion of the song even of the nightingale or lark. And shall we hesitate to train, at the earliest practicable period of existence, an immortal creature, endowed with faculties which, the more excellent they are, are the more susceptible of help?

GOOD ADVICE.

THE following rules were given by the late Mr. Jefferson in a letter of advice to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1825:—

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Never forget that pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. Men rarely repent of deeds of self-denial.
7. Nothing is troublesome that is done willingly.
8. Much pains have those evils cost us which never happened!
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY AUSTYN GRAHAM.

CHAPTER VII.

"STRONG DRINK IS RAGING."

MR. ST. AUBYN tapped at the door of Pearson's cottage, and was bidden to enter. A faded, untidy woman knelt upon the hearthstone, trying to feed a smouldering fire with chips of wood; and by her side was a saucepan of broth and potatoes, which she was about to warm for the mid-day meal. A little girl, scarcely seven years old, was hushing a crying infant in her small, thin arms; and two boys, of intermediate ages, were playing about the floor.

"Is this Daniel Pearson's?" asked the rector, by way of introduction, for young Sandford had only quitted him at the threshold.

"Ay, sir, but he's not in just now," said the woman, rising, with a curtesy, as she recognised the minister.

Exception may be taken to the circumstance, that the clergyman was not well acquainted with all his parishioners; but if so, it will be by those wholly ignorant of the cure of a large parish. Zealously and indefatigably as Herbert St. Aubyn had worked among his flock from his first appearance at Redstone, he found, at the year's end, there were many yet strangers to him—and the Pearsons (residing a little way out of the town) were among the latter number.

"Your husband is not in, you say. Do you expect him home shortly?" inquired the rector.

"Well, sir, I really can't tell. He's gone to seek work; and for these many days he's not come in till dusk; and then, fairly disheartened, he's off again to get rid of his grief and disappointment at the 'Red Lion.' You see, sir, he's been employed at Farmer Sandford's a matter o' fifteen year, and it seemed uncommon hard o' the master to go and turn him off all at once!"

"Did Mr. Sandford dismiss him without a cause, then?"

"Well, no, sir, not exactly; but my husband's no worse nor many others as he keeps on, only he haven't as strong a head belike. But won't you be seated, sir? I ask pardon for keeping you standing so long."

Mr. St. Aubyn took the chair offered him, on condition that she would go on feeding the hungry fire.

"But have you no coals?" he asked, glancing round.

"We had, sir, till just lately," answered the woman.

"Dan'l he had good wages; and though his love o' drink wouldn't let him save, yet we'd enough to do on comfortably; but this week we've naught to look to but a few shillings as I had scraped for winter clothes for the child'un, and I don't like to take 'em for coals, when we may soon be starvin' for food—nay, we must get on as we can until the bitter weather—the Lord help us then!" and the poor woman groaned.

"He will, Mrs. Pearson," answered the minister; "cast all your care on him, for he careth for you. Bring your husband into that frame of mind which

sees in his present misfortunes the just recompense of his misdeeds, and never fear but that God will raise you up again."

"Ah, sir, no doubt you're right, and no offence; but it's easy for you to talk—you don't know my poor Dan'l's natur' and temptations. You see he don't remember just how bad he were when the master druv' him like a dog from the place where he'd worked so long; and indeed, Mr. St. Aubyn, the farmer, were very hard upon him; he didn't treat him like a man with a Christian soul, but for all the world like a hound. Oh!"—she flung down her chips, and covered her face with her hands, while the tears trickled through her thin fingers—"oh, dear sir! you don't know the state in which he crawled home; he had been beaten like a dog, and I doubt he'll never hold up his head among his honest fellow-men agen."

The rector started with horror.

"Beaten! what? Did Sandford strike your husband?"

"Strike him?" repeated the woman, with passionate scorn, "strike him? Ay—believe me or not, sir, I swear there wasn't an inch o' flesh upon his back and legs as wasn't covered wi' cruel white wales; and would he be a man to stand that, and not talk o' serving out the brute as laid so heavy a shame on him?"

The young minister passed his hand over his brow—he was sick—disgusted; but he answered quietly—

"Was there not one better than any of us who bore more without a murmur of resentment? Was there not one scourged, mocked, buffeted, and spit upon, who never raised his voice to condemn, his hand to strike again?"

"Very true, sir, very true; ah, if you'd but talk to Dan'l when he's sober, mayhap you'd change his way o' thinkin'. Oh, sir, he was such a steady, sober man when I married him—such a fond father, till he took to drinking; and now I'm obliged to huddle the poor child'un out o' his sight o' nights, lest, in his blind, bad fits, he should do 'em hurt. Ah, sir, if that brother Bob o' his had kep' in Ameriky, I often think things 'ud never 'a' come to such a pass."

"Its little use tracing an evil to its source, Mrs. Pearson, unless we can cut it off there. Surely the landlord of the 'Red Lion' is too respectable a man willingly to ruin his brother? Have you spoken to him about your husband?"

"Times enough, sir; but he only laughs at me, and says if the love o' liquor's in Dan'l, and he didn't drink there, he would elsewhere, where perhaps they'd cheat him, and lure him on as he don't. Then what can I say, sir? Robert aint a bad man, but he's a careless chap, as don't think much o' rights and wrongs, only as they touches the main chance."

"Which it seems to me they must do, Mrs. Pearson," answered Mr. St. Aubyn, rising.

"Thank you kindly for your visit, sir, and you'll look in again and talk to poor Dan'l?"

"Indeed I will; but you must not be too sanguine of my efforts, Mrs. Pearson; we are but instruments in God's hand; and unless he sees fit to change your husband's heart, all my words will be mere empty sound in his ears."

"Well, I only hope the Lord 'ull keep him from murder!" cried the woman, desperately.

Mr. St. Aubyn started.

"You don't mean that he meditates revenge?"

"Deed, but I do," she returned, sullenly; "when he's mad wi' drink he'll do aught; but oh, not when he's sober; he's a decent man then, sir. Don't think too hardly on him; he wouldn't harm his worst enemy, except at those times; he's a decent man, is Dan'l, when not in liquor; and the Lord 'ull keep him from mischief when that fever's in his brain, and he don't know right from wrong, won't he, sir?"

"The Lord will keep none from evil who serve the devil, and not him; a drunkard is the devil's servant, and must obey that master. But I'll come and talk to your husband; meanwhile there's ten shillings for you to buy what you need in the way of food, coal, and candle."

"Ten shillings! I declare it's a fortune to us. May God bless you for it, sir!"

Mr. St. Aubyn was very sad at heart as he walked home, silently murmuring those solemn words of warning which had so often enabled him to resist dangerous cordials, when nature, cold, faint, or weary, would seem to crave their deceitful sustenance—

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise."

CHAPTER VIII.

CATS AND MICE.

It was rarely that Lawyer Sharpe left his offices below for any relaxation in the middle of the day. His sandwich and glass of wine were regularly carried to him there at one o'clock, and he joined his daughter at a five o'clock dinner. One afternoon, however, having partaken of his slight repast, and finding a little time on his hands between it and a client's visit, he betook himself to the drawing-room above to refresh his eyes with a sight of the daughter he so tenderly yet jealously loved. The apartment was untenanted, but her piano stood open, with the piece of music she had just been practising upon it, while her mischievous little kitten had upset her work-box, and was rattling her cotton-reels about the floor. The father stooped, with a grim smile, to avert the mischief, and began to restore the contents of the box, when a three-cornered note, much soiled, with a large, scrawly address, caught his eye. Had he not recognised the writing, Mr. Sharpe was too unscrupulous a lawyer for a minute to hesitate about acquainting himself with its purport. We will peep over his shoulder while he, poor man, with astonishment read as follows:—

Redstone Farm,

September 16th,

Long and silently have I worshiped you, fair Evelyn, but you, cruel beauty, never deigned to bestow a glance on your humble admirer till the other day, when, only to have a glimpse of you at your window, I made an excuse to call at your father's door. Am I wrong in fancying you did not look unkindly on me? Ah! how unfeeling of your hard parent to keep you concealed. If such imprisonment is against your wish, a life of happiness lies before you with

Your faithful devoted lover,

ROGER W. SANDFORD.

"The impudent scoundrel! The ignorant, illiterate boor! A fellow that can neither write nor spell decently, to presume to make love to my Evelyn!" soliloquised the lawyer, grinding his

teeth with passion. "I should like to know what answer she returned to his insolent jargon—a pretty short one, I'll be bound. But how the plague—"

He stopped abruptly in his hasty walk to and fro. Ay, Mr. Sharpe, how, if that writer's private missive were so distasteful to the recipient, did it come to be so carefully preserved in that little work-box? A doubt of his daughter for the first time entered the father's head, and suspicion, once harboured there, never became extinct.

The lawyer was as a bloodhound who sniffed blood. All the craft in his nature was roused; passion became dormant. He would watch and wait, wait and watch until the prey was within his clutches, when he was quite capable of tearing him to pieces! His face was pale, his small eyes glittered, and his fingers trembled as he placed the note in his waistcoat pocket.

He had scarcely done so, when his daughter entered, equipped for walking. The father felt with renewed force the power of her attractions; but at that moment they produced in him a sense of irritation which he found a difficulty in concealing as she tripped lightly up to him and kissed his cheek.

"Dear papa, how very unusual to see you up here at this time of day! Have you wanted me? Is anything the matter, papa?"

And he fancied she looked nervously in his face. Had she a sore conscience?

"Matter, my dear? Tut, tut! what could trouble me, unless I heard some one was going to run away with my little girl, eh?"

And he pinched her cheek playfully; but then so is a cat very gentle, "playful," with a poor little mouse before it destroys it.

"Oh, papa!" and she blushed crimson.

Then she ran to her work-box to hide her confusion, and saw that it had been disarranged. In a moment the truth smote her. Her father knew all. She glanced up in distress. He had taken the newspaper, and looked quite composed.

"Papa!"

"Well, my dear?"

It was his usual calm voice. "Oh, nothing, papa, only I thought some one had upset my work-box, because—"

"Yes, my love, it was on the floor when I came up, and your rogue of a kitten was playing with the reels and thimble. Do you miss anything? She had torn a piece of paper to shreds, and I burnt it, because of the litter. Was it of any importance?"

Evelyn was very simple-minded; she cared not that her first love-letter was destroyed, now that she knew it had not fallen into her father's hands.

"Oh, it's of no consequence, papa. Naughty kitty!"

And she stooped to chide the little delinquent, but in reality to hide the tear which fell on its soft coat.

"And where are you off to, missy? Going to buy up half Robinson's shop, and bring your old dad to the workhouse, eh?"

"No, papa, I'm not going into the town—only for a walk somewhere."

"You'll find it dry on the upper road, my dear; you'd better take that direction. Don't you think it pleasant?"

Why, that was the road to Redstone Farm! What could he mean by torturing her so, or was it only her guilty conscience?

While she was raising these speculations, her father had flung away the paper and bustled down stairs again; but he saw through his office blind his daughter quit the house, and noted the direction she took.

His client's visit did not occupy more than a quarter of an hour; then he called his clerk from the adjoining room, a fresh-coloured, intelligent youth, with an eye already becoming cunning in his master's service, and held a note towards him.

"Run with this, Curtis, to Redstone Farm; if you should happen to meet one of the young Mr. Sandfords on the road you can give it to him; there's no answer, and it will save your time. You must make a fair copy of that agreement on your return."

Mr. Sharpe was engaged upon a little legal business for the farmer, and notes frequently passed to and fro.

The lawyer took up his pen during the youth's absence, but his attention was sorely divided between his work and the street outside. At every footstep he glanced up, and in far less time than it would have taken him to go the distance of Redstone Farm, he saw Curtis returning.

"It is as I thought, the villain! The sly hussy! she goes to meet him," he growled.

"Well, Curtis?" as the youth entered.

"Just at the bend of the road, sir, I met Mr. Roger, so I gave the note to him, sir."

And he proceeded to hang up his hat. The lawyer saw a latent smile about his mouth and eyes.

"Saw Mr. Roger, eh? Was he coming towards Redstone?"

"I don't know, sir, for he happened to be standing still."

"Ay, talking to some one, eh? Look ye here, Curtis, if you wish to continue my clerk, you sell yourself to me, eyes and ears—ay, and body and soul too, if I please; so just out with what you saw."

"Well, sir, Miss Evelyn was standing talking with Mr. Roger, and he held her hand in his; but they might have been saying 'How d'ye do?' or 'Good bye,' for all I know. I just cut up to him, gave the note, and away again."

"Curtis, if you ever breathe a syllable of this outside these office doors I'll not rest till I've hanged you."

The lad only laughed. He knew his master to be quite capable of keeping his word, but he felt himself to be trustworthy.

"I've never betrayed your confidence yet, sir, and I never shall," he answered, returning to his desk in the next room.

"Curtis!" called his master, presently.

"Yes, sir."

"Docket those papers before you leave to-night. And, Curtis, what sort of a fellow is that young Sandford? Do you hear anything of his goings on in the town?"

The lad came to his master's side, and whispered—

"He's a handsome fellow, sir."

"I don't want you to tell me that, idiot," interrupted his master, "as if I hadn't got eyes in my head! What else?"

"Well, he's generous, he's spirited, he's a brave lad, and he'll have a mint o' money when his father dies; but—"

"So he will—so he will," pondered the lawyer.

"But," continued Curtis, emphatically, "he won't do for our young lady; he's no mate for Miss Evelyn, sir."

"What's that to you, imp?" said his master, grimly. "Well, what's the 'but?'"

"He drinks, sir; he's the hardest drinker for his age in Redstone, sir; and many's the wager he has won, sitting, cheek by jowl, at the 'Blue Lion,' with the greatest blackguards in the place, toping away to see which could carry the most and keep his senses."

Mr. Sharpe appeared quite unmoved at this trait in the character of his destined son-in-law.

"Go back to your work," he said, shortly, to Curtis.

His own pen went driving over his paper for the next two hours quite steadily, but there was a spark in his eye which meant mischief, and was quite ready, when the moment came, to ignite the train he had laid for those two lovers standing hand in hand on the upper road, and to blow their little castle into a thousand fragments.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

How to Farm Profitably; or, the Sayings and Doings of Mr. Alderman Meechi. London: Routledge and Co.

To keep a farm is a very pleasant thing, and to make the farm keep the occupier is still more agreeable; but, in too many cases, we fear, the amateur farmer discovers that wheat and barley, potatoes and beans, to say nothing of his live stock, are very costly commodities, and now and then a glance at his cheque-book, or some grave conversation with his factotum, convinces him that neither crops nor stock are a good investment at his rate of producing them. To men thus uncomfortably circumstanced, Mr. Meechi's book must be a friend indeed; and to tell a man that he may indulge his taste for beet-root and mangel wurzel, and do it with a profit, is something worth hearing, and how to do it is something worth learning. The farmer had, therefore, better allow Alderman Meechi to give him some judicious counsel; and assuming that the worthy civic dignitary is well "posted up," as our American friends term it, in his arithmetic, and has not mistaken a process of subtraction for an operation in addition, we conceive that Mr. Meechi personally, or this little volume as his representative, will prove both a pleasant and profitable instructor.

In speaking of Mr. Meechi and his farm, we readily admit it is not the lot of all men to possess the enthusiasm and the energy of the worthy alderman, nor does it fall to every man's lot to be upon such pleasant terms with his banker—therefore due allowance must be made for the operations of men less fortunate; but judging from the results of a tour in Scotland, where, in defiance of unkindly soil and unfavourable climate, and knowing very little about bankers, farmers contrive to surmount all difficulties, we assume that in this country even ordinary men, with only ordinary means at command, might accomplish far better things than are accomplished by hundreds of our English farmers. These worthy sons of the soil lose sight of the

fact that the land, when bountifully treated, is ever ready to make a bountiful return, and that she regulates her gifts by the farmer's donations.

"Shall I take neighbour Broadbean's farm?" said a shrewd, well-to-do man to a bucolic acquaintance. "By all means," was the reply; "it will give you health, which you want, and employment, which you will enjoy." "Ah!" said the inquirer, "but if I take it, it shall give me pounds, shillings, and pence also." The farm was taken, and the new occupier studied soils and crops, modes of draining, and schemes for manuring; he thought of his cattle, and he thought of his men; and books on chemistry became as necessary as wheelbarrows and pitchforks. "There must be no waste of power," was his motto; broad hedges quickly disappeared, ditches were filled up, useless trees found their way to the farm-yard, cattle and sheep were not supposed to be regardless of cold and wet; they were, therefore, sheltered. Horses were not considered as paying no heed to mud and mire; roads were therefore made passable, and made convex at the same time, that the drains, and not the roads, might retain the water. The roads thus repaired enabled the farmer to increase the loads, and yet diminish the strain. Manure was employed in abundance, solid and fluid, foreign and indigenous, and all soils were not treated with the same kind of diet. A shed at the outskirts of the farm was taken down, and erected in the centre. Cart wheels were not diminished, but carts were lowered one half their distance from the ground; thus 50 per cent. in time and in muscular expenditure were alike saved, and lighter carts with fewer horses were employed. The new farmer was also wise enough to know that a healthy labourer could do a better day's work than a sickly man, and a farming man properly fed was the man that was able to accomplish a good day's work. The cattle, the horses and the sheep, the land and its requirements, the labourer, his cottage and his family, and the sum to be received on a Saturday night, were all considered. The machinery was to work without friction, and without friction it did work. The worthy farmer had heard it said that the sword may gain the land, but it is the plough that bestows the benefits. This wise mode of farming rendered the farm as conspicuous as an "oasis in the desert," the condition of the land, the comfort and the content of the men, the praises of "master," and the quantity and the quality of the produce approached to the incredible; it never passed it, because men will trust their own eyes, and will give credit to their own ears; and the eagerness of buyers, and the goodly price readily rendered for the produce of this farm, silenced gainsayers, and told to all around that the man who was bountiful to the land, and merciful to man and beast, was the man to prosper. Satisfactory as were the results on the part of our friend the health-seeker, we think that if an inquirer would travel into Essex, and tarry at Tiptree Farm, he would find a spirited farmer and similar results. Let him look and remember, and, according to his means, follow this good example, and by following it become in his turn a benefactor to his race. Men who would prosper by the plough must not be contented to tread only in their father's steps, but must strike out paths of their own. "It did for my father, and it'll do for me;" "It'll last my

time," must be forbidden language in England, and must be left to the enjoyment of the farmers in South America, who are content to use the pristine plough employed in the days of Julius Cæsar, and from lack of roads are constrained to sell their sheep for a few pence per head. ADAPTATION and LIBERALITY must be the rule of the land, KINDNESS and CONSIDERATION must be the rule for cattle and men, IMPROVEMENT must be the watchword for the master; and where these are combined with PERSEVERANCE and PRUDENCE, we know of no earthly condition better calculated to secure, and better calculated to impart health and enjoyment.

Alderman Meehi's lively book is designed to promote these objects, and therefore it is justly entitled to our commendation; and all who love improvements in farming, and care for the welfare of those committed to their charge, will tender their good wishes not so much to the city magnate, or to the future occupier of the civic chair, as to the considerate master and spirited proprietor of Tiptree Farm.

PRAYER OF QUEEN ANNE

ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

ALMIGHTY and eternal God, the disposer of all the affairs in the world, there is nothing so great as not to be subject to thy power, nor so small, but it comes within thy care: thy goodness and wisdom show themselves through all thy works, and thy loving-kindness and mercy do appear in the severe dispensations of thy providence, of which, at this time, I earnestly desire to have a deep and humble sense. It has pleased thee to take to thy mercy my dearest husband, who was the comfort and joy of my life, after we had lived together many years happily, in all conjugal love and affection. May I readily submit myself to thy good pleasure, and sincerely resign mine own will to thine, with all Christian patience, meekness, and humility. Do thou graciously pardon the errors and failings of my life, which may have been the occasion of thy displeasure; and let thy judgments bring me to sincere and unfeigned repentance, and to answer the wise ends for which thou hast sent them; be thou pleased so to assist me with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that I may continue to govern the people which thou hast committed to my charge, in godliness, righteousness, justice, and mercy. In the management of all affairs, public and private, grant I may have a strict regard to thy holy will, that I may diligently and heartily advance thy glory, and ever depend entirely upon thy providence. Do thou, O gracious Father, be pleased to grant that I may do the greatest good I can in all my capacity, and be daily improving in every Christian grace and virtue, so that when thou shalt think fit to put an end to this short and uncertain life, I may be made a partaker of those gracious, endless joys, which thou hast prepared for those that love and fear thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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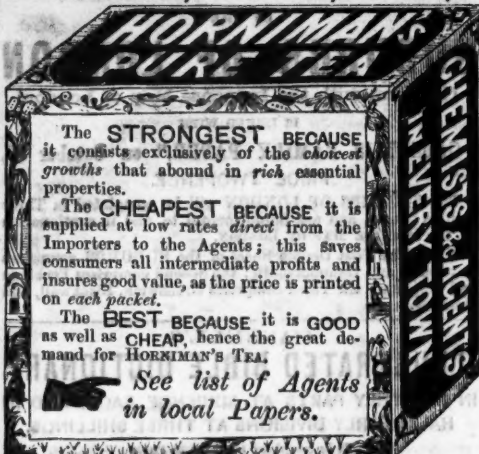
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EDINBURGH: PATON & RITCHIE; OLIVER & BOYD; THE RELIGIOUS TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY.

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